CH 15, 1941

RICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

WHAT EVERY DEMOCRACY SHOULD KNOW by André Maurois

DEVILS ON ICE—THE PATRICK FAMILY by Jack Dempsey

Look out for a COLD . . . watch your THROAT

—gargle Listerine Quick!

A careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders" . . . often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Even one hour after, reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

That is why, we believe, Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds . . . why thousands of people gargle with it at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

These tests showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

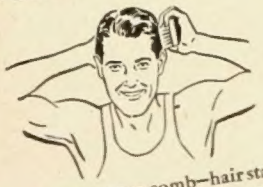
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Offer good only in continental U. S. A.

The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" helps the success of every fellow who still has hair!

USE VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

50 SECONDS to rub—revived circulation gives your scalp a kick—needed oil is supplied—hair begins to look alive.



10 SECONDS to comb—hair stays in place—no shiny "patent-leather" look—your hair is lustrous, trim, well-groomed.

SUCCESSFUL men know the fellow who "looks well" gets attention and gets it fast. Appearance in this competitive age is your passport to opportunity. And—socially or in business—well-groomed hair counts plenty in your favor.

If you're grooming yourself for success, pay attention to the grooming of your hair. It's so easy to acquire that trim, successful look with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Massage Vitalis into your scalp with authority. Feel that refreshing, tingling glow as sluggish circulation is stirred to activity. As the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils, your hair begins to look alive! It takes on a natural lustre and when you comb it in place, it stays in place but without that "patent-leather" look. Try it and see the difference one vigorous, healthful Vitalis grooming can make in your appearance.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair. Get a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

MARCH 15, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

ARE WE SATIATED WITH WAR NEWS?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We can have too much of almost anything; we might even be bored with happiness. If every day were brilliant with sunshine it would doubtless become monotonous. An intense appreciation of the joys of life is usually experienced after passing through a long period of hardship and suffering.

While visiting Germany after the first World War, for the purpose of interviewing Hindenburg, who was then the chief official of that country, the United Press representative told me that the World War was a toy affair compared with what was coming. He knew all the leading European diplomats. Though his prediction seemed humorous at the time, it now represents a grim possibility.

So far, however, the loss of life in this war is comparatively insignificant compared to that incurred in the first World War. Mechanized warfare, airplanes, tanks are now the popular weapons. Huge armies with man-to-man fighting, as experienced in the first World War, appear to be out of date.

Are we in or out of this war? is the question uppermost in the minds of our serious-minded citizens. We certainly want to stay out, but we want to help England up to the limit. Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador to Great Britain, most heartily endorses that viewpoint, and his opinion harmonizes with many other leading citizens' in restricting our aid to Britain "short of war." Just how much we can do for England without risking war presents thought-provoking problems. We certainly cannot convoy ships to British ports and expect to avoid trouble; convoys would be attacked; our own ships might be sunk; then there would be no alternative—we would be in the war.

Colonel Lindbergh is perhaps better informed than any one else as to the aerial power of the various nations; he has apparently acquired great respect for the air resources of the Germans. He has been caustically criticized because of his views and especially for his statement that he hopes "neither side wins." At this time it is rather difficult to decide who won the first World War.

General Hugh S. Johnson, testifying recently, said, "I am for all the aid to Britain that helps the defense of the United States, and not one inch more." That opinion is heartily endorsed, and we can be quite sure that Germany would rather have neutrality on our part, even if it is to a large extent a shallow pretense. The full effect of our war-making powers was felt by Germany on a former occasion, and doubtless she prefers to avoid a similar experience. We can therefore allow our sympathies full sway and extend every possible aid to the British with but little danger of being attacked.

But we are tiring of the overabundance of war news. Our radios and newspapers are overdoing the subject. We are becoming satiated with the descriptions of mass killing. Headlines about countries with which we are familiar still have an allurement, though the details are often overdone. The descriptions of brutalities that tear human flesh to bits will always be attractive to some people.

The unpronounceable names of some of the towns in the conflict between England, Greece, and Italy would be hard to find even on a map. A headline streaming across a page appeared recently: "Tobruk Falls . . . Thousands Are Taken . . . Anzacs and Navy Cut Off Escape." Only a minute percentage of our people ever heard of Tobruk, and only a small percentage would recognize the Anzacs as Australian and New Zealand soldiers.

Catastrophes of any kind certainly have a mysterious attraction. An accident in the street, resulting in a serious injury, soon attracts a mob of curious onlookers. Some people have an imagination that seems to enjoy wallowing in blood. The savage instinct is not by any means blotted out by what we call civilization. Even the possession of what we refer to as refinement or culture fails frequently to displace the animal instincts that we have inherited from the savages.

Let us hope our editors and our news commentators will give more attention to the news of our own country, and blot out some of the horrors, especially about countries in which our people have little or no interest.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Owners report

MORE MILES PER GALLON THAN ANY OTHER CAR THEY'VE DRIVEN

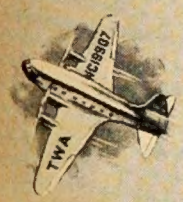
Illustrated: Champion Custom Club Sedan $730 delivered at factory—contrasting-color belt at slight extra cost

Lowest priced 6-cylinder sedan in America!

Big, roomy, high quality

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

Glamorous stratoliner style!



You have nine different body colors to choose from in this Studebaker Champion. And it's richly upholstered in canda cloth or bedford cord, whichever you prefer.

Million-dollar ride!

No sideway on the curves, thanks to self-stabilizing Planar Suspension which combines with finest hydraulic shock absorbers to cushion roughness out of every road.

You seldom use the clutch!

That's due to Studebaker's famous gas-saving, engine-saving Economatic Shift with Overdrive—available on all Champion models at moderate extra cost.

Snug safety in steering!

Front wheels go where you point them on the straightaway. And you literally groove around turns—park without effort—with Champion's exclusive Multi-Ratio Steering.

Warm floors—clear windows!

With Studebaker's unique filtered-air Climatizer and Windshield Defroster, your Champion is always cozily warm. Costs you only slightly more than a good heater.

And besides you get:

Automatic choke . . . angle-set ventilating vanes . . . twin tail lights . . . non-slam rotary door latches . . . bumper guards . . . 'cross-continent trunk . . . glove compartment lock . . . steering wheel shift . . . automatic hood lock . . . front seat ash tray . . . foot-regulated hydraulic brakes—all at no extra cost. Automatic hill holder, for safety and convenience on up-grade stops, is available at slight extra cost.

PRICES BEGIN AT

$690

for a Champion Business Coupe

Champion Club Sedan with trunk . . . $730

Champion Cruising Sedan with trunk . $770

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of February 8, 1941—subject to change without notice—Federal tax included

SEE your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a revealing 10-mile trial drive in this sensationally economical Studebaker Champion—the high quality car of the lowest price field that's driving ahead to brilliant new sales triumphs, week after week. Use your present car as part payment—liberal C.I.T. terms.

"They're a real favorite at our house"

says MRS. H.V. KALTENBORN
wife of the eminent news analyst

As a background to interesting conversation, Mrs. Kaltenborn believes that even the simplest dinner deserves careful planning. "Especially the meat!" she insists. That's why she so often serves Swift's Premium Frankfurts . . . the extra-tender kind. *Your* family is sure to like this menu . . . it's one of Mrs. Kaltenborn's favorites: Hot frankfurts, broiled or pan-browned pineapple slices, pimiento cheese sauce, minted peas and head lettuce with French dressing. (*Simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately.*)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender* FRANKFURTS

IN THE NEW LARGER *"dinner" size*

Copr. 1941 by Swift & Company

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of select beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored all the way through.

In 2 sizes . . . Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

HOW TO IDENTIFY SWASTIKAS

BALTIMORE, MD.—The swastika in your title, Sex Appeal *vs.* Swastika (January 18 Liberty, page 41) is 100 per cent wrong. It shows the original Indian form, not Herr Hitler's cockeyed copy.

The real swastika is the insignia of the 7th U. S. Infantry.

Why not clear this up? Many persons confuse the true and false swastikas.—*L. Markland.*

[You're right, Mr. Markland, and thanks. We are giving herewith pictures showing the two swastikas, as you suggest.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HITLER'S INDIA'S

UNMARRIED MOTHER

TULSA, OKLA.—I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. Macfadden for his editorials on prudery and illegitimacy. If only the churches would offer classes for young people of high-school age where they would teach them all about sex, it would sure save a lot of fool kids the sad experience I am going through.

I am to become a mother soon. I am unmarried and twenty-two. I was born in a small town in this state. My mother was left a widow when I was a little child. She had to work hard and never had the time to spend with me, as some parents do. So I grew up in complete ignorance of my own body. I was too afraid to ask questions, and no one talked to me on the subject.

For a long time now my mother has depended on me for support. Of course I was forced to quit my job because of my appearance. And I am alone, with no friends to whom I can turn for help. I have no money to pay rent or buy food.

The man responsible for my condition refused to help me because I would not have an abortion.

I hope you won't think me too brazen in writing like this, but I do hope some one will get an idea to start teaching in the churches what Mr. Macfadden has repeatedly talked about in some of his far-reaching editorials.—*A Daughter of Sorrow.*

[Needless to say, the name of this unfortunate but brave girl is withheld. However, if any one wishes to reach or help her, she may be addressed through this department.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CHAMPION SPORTS EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Your selection of Jack Dempsey as Sports Editor of Liberty is to be highly commended because Mr. Dempsey certainly has a healthy influence on the younger generation of the country and Liberty will offer him an opportunity to further this influence.—*Walter H. Annenberg.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—CONGRATULATIONS. NOW DEMPSEY WILL BE WORLD CHAMPION IN HIS NEW FIELD.—MIKE JACOBS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—May I say I think it's a great combination, a great magazine and a great guy!—*George A. Cruttenden.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—GOOD LUCK TO JACK DEMPSEY AND CONGRATULATIONS TO LIBERTY FOR SELECTING THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPORTS FIGURE.—SAM TAUB.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—HURRAY FOR JACK DEMPSEY AND LIBERTY MAGAZINE. YOU HAVE BOTH SCORED A KNOCKOUT. I AM MAILING MY SUBSCRIPTION TODAY. DON'T WANT TO MISS AN ISSUE. KEEP PUNCHING THOSE TYPEWRITER KEYS. I WILL HAVE A BEAD ON THE MAIL MAN WATCHING FOR ARTICLES.—KING MAHONEY.

[My good friends above, together with hundreds of others throughout the country, have overwhelmed me with their kind wishes, and I am sincerely grateful. I shall do my level best to live up to their enthusiastic anticipations. If I don't deliver, I know they'll keep me in the groove. So thanks a million.—JACK DEMPSEY, SPORTS EDITOR.]

WAS HE AN OLD BACHELOR?

ELKHART, IND.—Listenin' to a smart man of the twentieth century the other day, I heard him make a brief remark, and darned if he wasn't just about

right, seein' as how we are in the crazy twitch of the world today.

He said the two best friends he had was his dog and the dollar bill he had in his pants pocket.—*James F. Countryman.*

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Saddling Sunlight

OUCH! THAT WATER IS BOILING!
SORRY, CHUBBINS—THAT'S CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE. WE HEAT OUR WATER ON THE ROOF
HA! HA! ANYTHING FOR A GAG, EH, ED?
YEH! WATCH WHILE A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO DROPS OUT OF MY EAR!
SO YOU THINK ED'S ROOFTOP HOT WATER PLANT IS A GAG, EH—WELL, HERE YOU ARE!
UNDER THIS GLASS—OVER 700 FEET OF COPPER WATER TUBING GATHER HEAT FROM THE SUN-RAYS. THE SYSTEM HAS A 500-GALLON CAPACITY. WATER STAYS STEAMING HOT ALL NIGHT LONG
THAT'S PUTTING THE SADDLE ON THE SUN, ALL RIGHT
JOE'S BETTER'N THAT AT KEEPING US IN HOT WATER
LET GO OF THAT PRINCE ALBERT AND FORGET THE WISECRACKS
HERE'S A PICTURE OF A SUN-HEATER THAT PRODUCED TEMPERATURES UP TO 15,000 DEGREES—HOT ENOUGH TO MELT A DIAMOND
SUN-HEATER CONSTRUCTED AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 22 MIRRORS FOCUS SUNSHINE THROUGH 23 LENSES
THEY SURE GO TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GATHER HEAT
THE PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO FOLKS TAKE A LOT MORE TROUBLE TO ASSURE COOLNESS!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

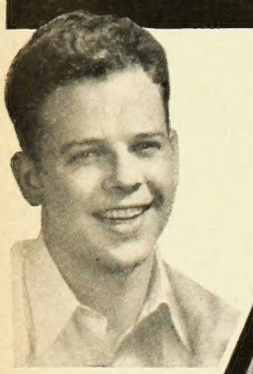
WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN PRINCE ALBERT'S COOL BURNING—SUCH MILDNESS, MELLOWNESS WITH DELIGHTFUL TASTE, FRAGRANCE!
YOU BET! AND FOR ROLLING SMOKES, TOO, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. THAT CRIMP CUT HUGS THE PAPER, ROLLS FAST, SMOOTH—SMOKES PERFECT!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

I PAID ONLY 49¢
FOR THIS SWELL
Threadline
PENCIL
WITH NEW VERY THIN LEAD..



49¢

Easy on the pocketbook—yes, and great for neat notes and quiz papers.

I GOT $5 WORTH
of fine writing
I've paid more for pencils no better looking—never had a sharper, smoother one. My Threadline's a real business tool.

I GOT A RAISE
for neat work
Yes, for 49c you get more—in looks and performance. New, very thin Threadline Leads are sharper, smoother. Propel-repel-expel mechanism is twist-proof. Always works. For perfect writing and pride in your pocket, buy Threadline at 49c. If your dealer can't supply you, mail money order or check to address below.

EXTRA LEADS 15c

DIXON RITE-RITE
Threadline at 49¢
RITE-RITE MFG. CO., CHICAGO
Subsidiary of JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

What Will the Japanese in Hawaii Do?

HONOLULU, T. H.—It is no secret to what extent the Japanese population outnumbers all other nationals in the Hawaiian Islands. We can boast of some 200,000 (citizens and noncitizens) out of a total of some 410,000 according to the latest census.

We are facing today, more than ever before, the important question: What will be the attitude of these people, who have been permitted to enjoy the hospitality—yes, even all the rights and privileges—of American citizens, should it come to an armed conflict between the United States and Japan? Will they prove their loyalty in deeds and not in words only, or will they think of these islands as the Paradise of the Rising Sun, as the Japanese government likes to consider them?

Some thirty-five years ago the writer happened to be a resident of Port Arthur, located at the tip of the Kwantung Peninsula, China, leased by Russia from the Chinese government. Spending millions of dollars, the Russians built the ice-free port of Dalny and erected the fortifications in Port Arthur. Port Arthur (like Pearl Harbor in strength), became the base for the formidable Russian fleet. The Russians, like us Americans, extended their hospitality and welcome to Germans, Americans, Britishers, Frenchmen, Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese. Every one seemed to be welcome; every one was doing a thriving business. But, as in Hawaii, the Japanese outnumbered all other nationals. They were hard-working people, kept to themselves, seemed to mind their own business.

And then the blow fell. Without a declaration of war, the Japanese one dark night attacked the Russian fleet and put five of its capital ships out of commission. For eleven months, isolated from the rest of the world, the siege lasted, and the first week of January, 1905, Port Arthur was obliged to surrender. The Russians had some 45,000 men in their ranks. They surrendered some 21,000 men, out of which 17,000 were in hospitals, the remaining 4,000 defending a front of some twenty-one miles. The Japanese losses amounted to some 140,000 men.

In those days of 1904 and 1905 no one knew of such a thing as fifth-column activities, but, to their sorrow, the Russians found out too late that both Dalny and Port Arthur were overrun by spies and saboteurs.

Some of us have been howling for statehood. Already the Territorial legislature, the city and county government of Honolulu, the outside islands have their Japanese legislators. Members of the House of Representatives, supervisors, a city and county attorney include them. The United States Post Office, the Board of Water Supply, the Board of Public Instruction, the Honolulu police department, etc., have Japanese in responsible positions. . . .

What next—a Japanese governor, Japanese senators, Japanese judges?

One wonders, will history repeat itself in Hawaii?—*Albert Lambert.*

BUT NEVER SLACKEES!

ON THE WING, U. S. A.—Why does the yawping press insist upon referring to our brave and gallant "yearoes" as "draftees" and "trainees" and "selectees"?—*Ski.*

CONSTITUTIONAL QUIZ RECOMMENDED FOR SCHOOLS

ALCORN, MISS.—May I state that I have adopted your Constitutional Quiz as a test for my students in their study of the Constitution in American Government. I have also written letters to every high-school principal in the State of Mississippi, asking him if he subscribes to Liberty, and then sending duplicate copies of the Quiz, suggesting that it be used as a standardized test in their study in Civics.—*Charles H. Wilson, Alcorn A. & M. College.*

MELTING POT KEEPS A-BOILIN'

PASADENA, CALIF.—We can go you one better in the melting pot, Annalew Burge Mittenzwei (January 25 Vox Pop). Three Barrick brothers, Adam, Jacob, and Henry, came from Holland to New York in 1650. I am Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, German, French, and Dutch. My wife is Czecho-Slovakian, and our son married a girl whose father was Swedish and her mother was from Finland. Hurrah for the Americans!—*Vincent P. Barrick.*

SUSPENSION BRIDGE 300 B. C.

BEVERLY, N. J.—To the Roebling family a gold medal for their development of wire rope. But to ye editors and to the authors of the article on the Roebling tank (January 25 Liberty) a leather medal for crediting General Roebling with the invention of the suspension bridge.

An article of some years back by the writer and published in the Iron Age gives the first known suspension bridge to be in 300 B. C. in China. A general in the Ming Dynasty built one about 1,000 feet long across the canyon of the Yunnan River. He used cast-iron columns and wrought-iron cables (probably chains). The ancient Chinese was no slouch as an industrialist. He cast iron in sand, as is done today. He made crucible steel and he puddled wrought iron by the same process as is used today.

He even knew that phosphorus made iron more fluid.

Not merely a wise guy, an intelligent hombre was the Chinese of antiquity.

A rising vote of thanks and hat reverently lifted to a race now subjected to the persecution of an invading army.—*Ralph Shaw, Jr.*

THE ROOSEVELT OF BRITAIN

NEWTON, N. C.—I am for the British, but I resent their calling President Roosevelt the "Churchill of the United States." Instead, I think they should call Mr. Churchill the "Roosevelt of Britain."—*Tay Lowrance.*

WHY, WE EXHALE LIFE!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mrs. James C. Moore (January 25 Vox Pop) said that there were no life-giving qualities in the human breath. Yet any school kid can tell you that the waste products we ex-

hale (mainly, carbon dioxide and moisture) are the basis of chlorophyll, the substance of life itself.—*Jack Felker.*

HOWARD SHARPE'S MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, MEX.—I have just read Howard Sharpe's The Private Life of Paulette Goddard (January 25 Liberty). I was amazed at the author's vivid imagination and complete lack of information.

He writes, "Worse, she went to Mexico City, with its buildings adrape with swastikas and only German spoken in the better bars." I am an American living in Mexico, and the only swastikas I have seen are the ones adorning the German Embassy. I have seen those in the United States, too. As to German being spoken in all the bars, that is utter nonsense. The majority of the people who frequent the better bars are Americans and Britishers. I have yet to hear German spoken in any bar in Mexico City.

Then there is the part about the German pilot who had to take his children in the plane, when Paulette Goddard chartered a plane for the United States, because he was a Nazi and couldn't be trusted. That really beats everything. I doubt if Howard Sharpe has ever been in Mexico, much less in Mexico City. There could be no Nazi pilots in Mexico, for the simple reason that Pan American Airways is an American corporation.—*Edward V. Murdock.*

BRING THE SKELETONS OUT—

AMITYVILLE, N. Y.—Many congratulations on Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Bring the Skeletons Out of the Closet (January 25 Liberty). We must choose between the attitude of the refined people or the attitude of Christ.—*Oscar H. Brown.*

ARE YOUR TEETH ALLURING, TOO?

the Answer's on the tip of your tongue

1 Make the Tongue-Test . . .

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth... inside and out. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba...and it doesn't belong on teeth! It collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking.

2 Your Tongue Tells You

Your tongue tells you what others see... the filmy coating that dims the natural brilliance of your teeth, your smile. And it's this filmy coating that makes teeth look dull . . . bars your way to romance.

3 *Switch to* Pepsodent *with* Irium

There's a very good reason why Pepsodent makes your teeth feel so wonderfully smooth, look so sparkling bright. For only Pepsodent contains a wonder-working combination that *cleans* and *polishes* teeth to a new high brilliance.

First, only Pepsodent contains Irium, the super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away the filmy coating your tongue can feel, your friends can see. And Pepsodent alone contains a patented new high-polishing agent that buffs teeth to such a shiny smoothness, this filmy coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Give yourself the radiant smile that comes from teeth that feel bright, look brighter. And that's no job for a "half-way" tooth paste. Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today!

—and for double-power cleansing . . .
PEPSODENT'S *NEW*
50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH

EACH CAN SAY

"I WAS A CLERK"

"I WAS A LINEMAN"

"I WAS A DRAFTSMAN"

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, in 1904, the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company went to work as a clerk in one of the Bell System companies.

About that time, the 18 men who are now the presidents of the Bell telephone companies were starting their careers. For, like the head of the System, they have worked many years in the business — an average of 38 years each. Each of them can say: "I was a clerk," "I was a lineman," "I was a draftsman"— and so on.

The "know how" is here — for the every-day job of running the telephone business or to serve you in emergency. Up-from-the-ranks management is doubly important these days.

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WHAT EVERY Democracy should know

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Warning for today! How the U. S. A. can learn about war and defense from the fall of France

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

VERY often when I am walking along the streets of an American city, looking at the faces of the passers-by, so good-humored, so peaceful, and, for the most part, so carefree, the strong affection I have long felt for this country becomes mixed with a feeling of anguish.

I say to myself: "How fortunate these Americans are! They are free. No secret police eavesdrop on their conversations. No bombs menace their homes. No army of occupation requisitions the food with which they are so plentifully supplied. The airplanes that cross their skies are friendly and harmless. But do they realize their own good fortune, and do they know how frail their happiness is? A year ago France and England, too, had this same air of tranquil joy. Today France is a slave and the homes of England are in ruins." Any one who, like me, has been a witness of so many disasters has a feeling that he must cry out: "Beware, I beseech you! Keep close guard over your country! Become strong in order to remain free!"

What did we in France lack? Men? It is true our birth rate was low, but this was not a war of masses. Machines? Yes, we were defeated for lack of machines—of 10,000 airplanes and 5,000 tanks, which the industrial might of France and England could easily have built or bought. Then why weren't they built? And is America capable of building *in time* the things that are necessary for her defense? Has she the will to do it?

The first answer, so far as France and England are concerned, is that no one of their military or political leaders told them clearly, in advance of the war, the extent of their own danger. To be sure, Winston Churchill in England and Paul Reynaud in France warned their fellow citizens with much courage. But both were men standing alone. Politicians who were in power did not see the peril, or refused to see it. The tragic truth is that during this extremely grave period we had no leaders.

In 1914-18 France found leaders. Poincaré, with all his faults, was a leader, respected even by those who did not like him. Clemenceau was actually the picture of a warrior chieftain. I saw him at the front in 1918, when he came to visit the British troops. He was superb. Leaning on his peasant walking stick, rudely distrustful, he would roughly manhandle the generals. He refused to take their bare word. He would go into the trenches to hear what the men were saying; he would count the cannon and inspect the state of the fortifications. He was disagreeable, testy and violent. But he was a leader. He had confidence in no one but himself. It is not enough for a leader to give orders; he must, from time to time, supervise their execution. As soon as subordinates realize the boss is not paying attention to them, they become lax.

But, unhappily, in this war, and especially before it, the democracies did not find men of the type of

Clemenceau. The President of our Republic, Lebrun, was a very brave man, a good patriot, a good artilleryman, a good engineer. But his visits were no more than formal, perfunctory tours of inspection. He was only shown what they wanted him to see. Reynaud was, unhappily, a lawyer by temperament and believed that he had acted as soon as he had perfectly stated his case. Throughout the war I knew of only two leaders in the highest civil offices: Dautry in France and Churchill in England.

My English friends have told me that Churchill at the Admiralty behaved exactly as Clemenceau formerly behaved in our country. He would stride into the map room and ask, "How many submarines sunk?" When the sea lords replied, "There haven't been any today," Churchill would explode, "I *must* have submarines!" The sailors were afraid of him and adored him.

In France Raoul Dautry, Minister of Armament, once a week would take a night train under an assumed name. Starting at three or four in the morning, he would travel to some cannon or tank factory to make sure that the directors and workmen were on the job. But Dautry was not appointed until the outbreak of the war.

Moreover, none of our politicians had been able to win the respect of the whole population. It is necessary for a free country, in time of war or of crisis, to have at least *one* man who is able to dominate the political parties and from whom public opinion, at critical moments, can receive advice or even orders. In such a time it is imperative that the Prime Minister or the President, once chosen, shall be the leader not of one party but of the nation, and that his belief in the necessity of defending the nation shall be so intense as to inflame the entire people.

And why could we not find such leaders from 1936 to 1939 in France, a country that has produced so many remarkable men? Because the violence of political quarrels had become fatal for the nation. No man at that time could dominate the political parties. I remember in 1935 and 1936 seeing parades in the streets of Paris. These occasions produced an atmosphere of civil war. The people on the sidewalks eyed each other, ready to come to blows. In speeches or in the newspapers they no longer sought the truth; they only wanted to read or hear the opinions of *their* party.

When public opinion is wrought up to this point, a democracy cannot choose but make mistakes. Think of the relations of the two great western democracies with Italy and with Russia. What questions should a realistic Frenchman have put to himself? Approximately these:

"Where does the interest of France lie? Isn't Germany at this moment the most dangerous nation so far as France is concerned? Isn't it true that France would be in mortal peril if Germany and Italy became allies? Isn't it possible that Russia might be tempted to align herself with the other authoritarian governments? Must we not try to win the friendship of Italy and Russia? Is it possible? And at what price?"

It makes little difference what the answers to these questions would have been. The important thing was to ask them and to think only of the facts and of the country's welfare. But was this the way our senators and deputies thought? Not at all. Some said, "We'll have nothing to do with the Soviets!" because they hated Communism; others said, "No concessions to Italy!" because they detested Fascism.

Before the war of 1914 diplomatic preparations were not made in this fashion. In France a great minister (Delcassé), with the help of great ambassadors, surrounded his country with a circle of friends. Often in achieving it they had to do violence to the prejudices of public opinion. At the time when Delcassé concluded the Franco-British entente French public opinion was violently hostile to England. When King Edward VII came to Paris in an attempt to win over the French public, he was at first hissed in the streets. Instead of considering hostile sentiments an insurmountable obstacle, he went to work to transform them into feelings of friendship. He succeeded.

Within France hatreds between the Right and Left, carefully nurtured by foreign propaganda, made all national co-operation impossible from 1934 on. When political hatreds become so strong as to make a large number of citizens forget that the safety of their country is the supreme bond, then that country is in grave danger.

When a democracy is united it can act. But in the preparation of defense it must act quickly. It is not enough to have the intention to build an adequate number of airplanes. It is necessary to build them for a *fixed date*. More than once France initiated great programs for airplane construction. But the airplanes always arrived too late. Why?

First of all, because we always started too late. The discussion of a new program used up a great deal of time; then a new premier came into office or a new chief of the General Staff, and everything had to be done over again. If you Americans wish to build a great air force which will assure your safety, choose the best man to direct construction and then, unless he is guilty of some serious fault, keep him.

In our country we had committees of investigation and committees of procurement composed of government officials who paid scant heed to the exigencies of industry. Months and sometimes years went by between the adoption of a design and its mass production. Orders that were too large were given to small factories which had designed an excellent plane but were not tooled for rapid production of large numbers. Other factories which had the machines and the personnel were left without orders. Often airplanes were obsolete by the time they were delivered.

A country like the United States is very far at present from devoting its whole industrial energy to military preparation. If that is not necessary, the course is wise. But on the day when its leader says it is going too slow, the country must give up everything in order to achieve in time the power necessary for its protection.

All those in the European democracies—employers, workmen, engineers—who sacrificed the production of planes, of tanks, of cannon during the last ten years to questions of pride, hours of work, profits, party, or administrative sanctions, now re-

gret it very bitterly. For some weeks they had a feeling of having got the better of the other fellow; today they are all alike victims of the conqueror.

The parliamentary form of government is slow by nature. It is not enough for the head of the state to see clearly what must be done; he has to get the necessary votes. Before acting he has to convince a House or a Senate. There is a whole political rigmarole which in normal times is necessary to safeguard the liberties of the country, but which in time of crisis may cause its destruction.

For example, in March, 1936, at the time when the German troops marched into the Rhineland in contravention of the treaties—the moment that was most favorable for action—the French government did nothing. Why? In large part because the political situation of the government was difficult. The elections were to take place in two months. The Premier, Albert Sarraut, considered himself simply a temporary leader. This was not the attitude of mind that would have allowed him to take the terrible responsibility of plunging his country into war.

"That," said the ministers, "is the business of the man who will come into power in July."

But in July it was too late.

In March, 1938, when Hitler annexed Austria, the Premier, Camille Chautemps, handed in his resignation, and France, at this tragic moment, found herself without a government. Before even the least important decision could be made a Cabinet had to be formed. The required procedure took time—during which the Germans completed their conquest.

President Lebrun saw as clearly as we the dangers and the absurdity of this procedure. But what could he do? He had to obey the Constitution. Examples such as these show that, in order to contend on an equal footing against an authoritarian regime, every democratic government should introduce into its Constitution, as the Romans did, a mechanism which would allow it in moments of danger to accelerate the motions of the parliamentary machine without sacrificing any of its essential liberties.

This, in a word, is what every democracy should know. It should know also that the greatest sacrifices are not too much to pay to preserve liberty. When one contrasts the tranquil happiness of the American crowds with the sad letters that come from a famished and paralyzed Europe, one cannot help saying that every effort should be made to preserve for this country the security that alone makes this good fortune possible. And whoever may today neglect to make the greatest effort possible with the greatest possible speed to give America the mastery of her skies may run the risk of standing in two years, in five years, in ten years, in front of the ruins of New York or of Chicago and experiencing the same sad regrets we now feel before the ruins of London or of Rouen.

THE END

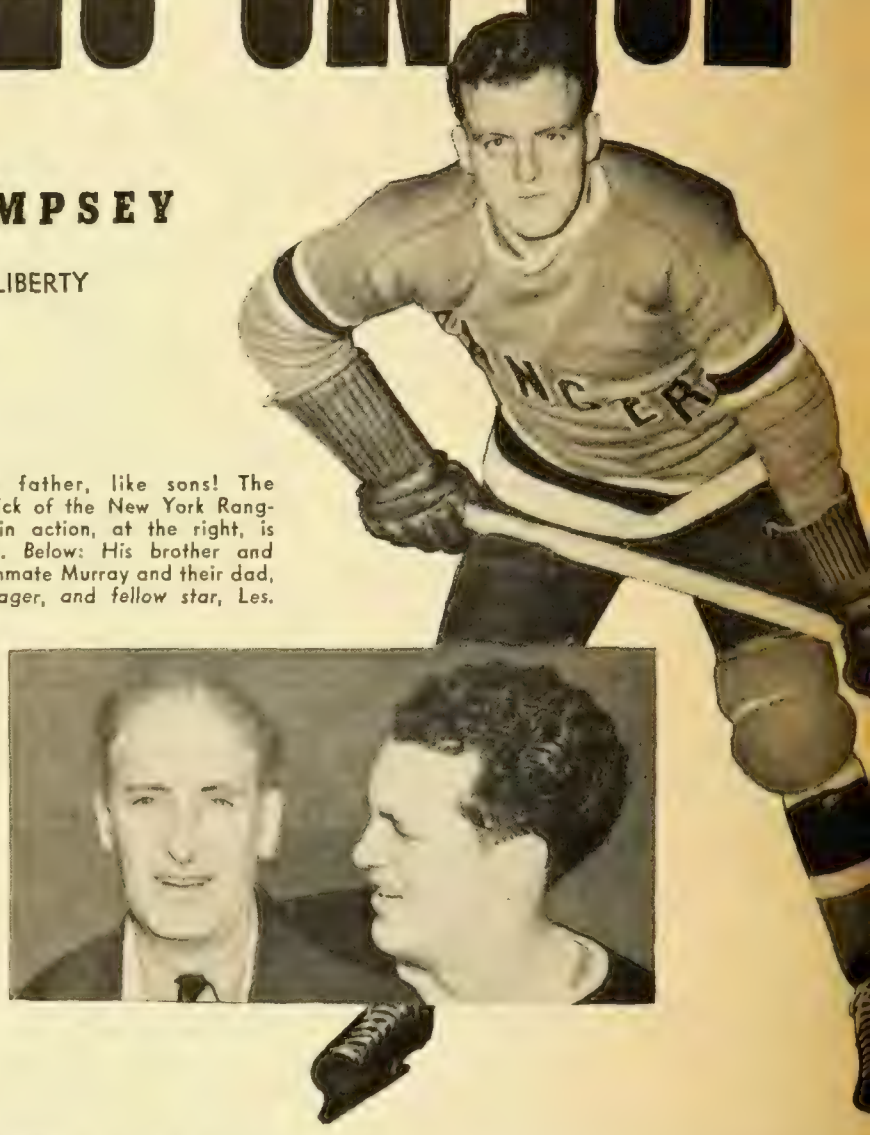
When political hatreds become so strong as to make many citizens forget that the safety of their country is the supreme bond, then that country is in grave danger.

DEVILS ON ICE

BY JACK DEMPSEY

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



Like father, like sons! The Patrick of the New York Rangers in action, at the right, is Lynn. Below: His brother and teammate Murray and their dad, manager, and fellow star, Les.

WHEN word was flashed from the New York Rangers' camp in Winnipeg seven years ago that Lynn Patrick, son of the "Silver Fox of Hockey" was to be given a pro contract by his own father to play on the latter's team, the wiseacres shook their heads. "No son of a great athlete was ever a success in the same game," they chanted gloomily.

Lynn promptly proceeded to upset this old tradition by leading in the scoring in the 1934-35 play-offs for the Stanley Cup. Four years later, when Lester signed another of his sons, Murray, to a Ranger contract on St. Patrick's Day in the mornin', a few of the die-hard wiseacres again wagged their heads and moaned, "Too much Patrick; the Rangers'll go to pieces now, sure!"

But instead of going to pieces, the Rangers proceeded to go *places*. And ever since, the Patrick boys' sizzling play has helped keep them at the top of the heap or thereabouts. In 1937 Les refused an offer of $20,000 for Lynn from Connie Smythe, the canny boss of the Toronto team. Today you couldn't buy Lynn for double that amount.

Lester Patrick hadn't handed his son a place on the team on a silver platter. It was really a couple of other fellows who were responsible for Lynn getting with the Rangers. They were Frank Boucher and Bill Cook, members of the team. In October, 1934, Lynn applied to his father for a job with the Rangers. Les turned him down, told him he hadn't a chance. It was then that Boucher and Cook stepped in; they told Patrick senior they thought the kid had great possibilities; and when Les still refused, they practically demanded that he give Lynn a chance.

"I'll never forget the first night I sent Lynn into a regular game," Les recalled recently. "As he got the puck and skated near the opponents' goal, the wily old-timers appeared lax and unaware—but a pair of them caught him up neatly on their sticks and dumped him on the ice nice and pretty. The crowd laughed and yelled, 'Take him out!' and one of the opposing players said mockingly, 'Don't hurt him, he's the boss's son.' But Lynn got up and went right back for more. I knew we both had to take it, so I kept him in there. Well, the kid showed he had the right stuff, and when he scored a goal that meant victory for our side, he got a great hand. I knew then he'd be O. K."

And he was. He amazed the talent by making good in the major league in his first year of pro hockey.

Lynn and brother Murray—"Muzzy" to his family and intimates—were born in Victoria, on the southwestern tip of Vancouver, on February 3, 1912, and June 28, 1915, respectively.

In the same recent Patrick family gathering in which his father recalled his major-league debut, Lynn himself said, "I started out to be a dentist, but I guess hockey was in my blood—"

"The night before you were born," gently interrupted Ma Patrick, "I was at a Stanley Cup match myself, watching your father play."

"We kids used to play shinny on the streets, using roller skates," Lynn went on. "Our equipment was pretty crude—all but our sticks. Friday night was the big hockey night and Les"—the boys always have called their father Les or Lester—"used to bring home the busted hockey sticks. You should have seen the kids outside our house on Saturday morning when we'd hand out the sticks, which each boy would nail and tape together. At sixteen I graduated to ice skates."

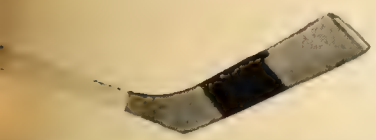
The brothers starred at basketball

in high school; they were forwards on the Victoria team that defeated the Windsor Collegiates for the Dominion basketball championship in 1933.

By the time Murray was nineteen, he had been a bronco buster in rodeos, had made a name for himself as a track-and-field man, a basketball and football player, a bicycle racer, and had won the heavyweight boxing championship of the Dominion of Canada by a knockout victory over Tommy Osborne. He also won the Washington State title in Seattle and defeated the Pacific Coast champion in Portland, Oregon.

Muzzy carries his honors modestly. When friends congratulated him on winning the heavyweight title, he said, "I may be the Dominion champion, but I'm still only third best in this family!"

His fight with Osborne was just like my fight with Luis Firpo. Osborne dropped him early in the first round. Muzz got up and forced Tommy to back up under his own fierce attack until he finally caught him with a beaut that dropped *him*. But Osborne came back strong; with a terrific right-hander he knocked Muzz out of the ring. Muzz climbed back in and they were in a furious mix-up at the bell. Muzz fought more cautiously in the second round until he saw an



revealing look at hockey's yal family—the Patricks

opening, and then, putting every ounce of his 200 pounds behind the blow, he caught Osborne on the chin and it was all over.

He was voted the best basketball forward in Canada after he and Lynn had helped the Blue Ribbons of Victoria win the national title. He played baseball in 1931-32 as catcher and left-fielder and was one of three players to finish the season with a perfect fielding average on the team that won the Vancouver Island Junior Championship. In bicycling he won the five-mile championship of British Columbia in 1934, and in four years of senior competition in cycling he has won twenty cups and seven medals. He fought in the intercity championships in Madison Square Garden on December 11, 1935. But "Mother hates," he says, "to have me boxing," and being a good son, he's given it up for hockey.

He played defense on the Crescent hockey team in the Eastern League, was one of the star players in 1935, and played two years with the Philadelphia Ramblers before making the jump to the National League. The only mark on his face is a scar over the left eyebrow, the result of a fall in a six-day bike race in Montreal in 1937. He had his nose broken in an amateur bout just before he turned pro.

At midseason this year the standing of the Rangers in the National Hockey League was on a par with their physical condition—both very low. Manager Les had been under the doctor's care for two months but was in better condition than the team, with which the flu had played havoc. A check-up showed every member of the squad had either high or low blood pressure, and all were suffering from fatigue.

Lynn bore the brunt of the struggle to keep the team going, in spite of the bad breaks that piled up against it. When Captain Art Coulter was forced out early in the season, he slid in and played a whale of a defense. When Shibicky was hurt, he slipped up to the forward line with the Colvilles and kept right on raising the devil with the puck. In fact, despite the bad breaks, this is Lynn's best season individually. He has starred in every position except goalie, and he had never before played so brilliantly.

Muzz has developed into one of the best defense men roaming the ice these nights. He's a fine stick handler and fine play maker, his excellence in these departments overbalancing his lack of great speed.

"In spite of illness and the bad breaks, the boys have been playing like devils on ice and showing some mighty fine hockey," says Jersey Jones, head of the Rangers' Information Bureau; "and as long as they're in reaching distance, they'll be in there cutting a wide swath in the Stanley Cup series. And the Patricks will keep 'em in there, you bet!"

This year marks the first since Les Patrick joined the Rangers that he has missed a Ranger game. His doctor wouldn't let him accompany the team to most of the out-of-town games. The "Silver Fox of Hockey" was born in Drummondville, Quebec, on December 31, 1883. The oldest son in a family of nine, on both sides he is North-of-Ireland stock, resident of Canada for many generations.

This man who developed hockey into a battle of speed demons began his real hockey career back in 1902, in Brandon, Manitoba. Previously he had played junior and intermediate hockey in Montreal. At nineteen he went west for summer work with a party surveying an irrigation ditch between Medicine Hat and Lethbridge. When the work was done, he dropped off at Brandon to visit with some players he had known in Montreal. They persuaded him to stay in Brandon for the winter. So brilliant was his game that he quickly won a berth as a senior. The Brandon team conquered the West that year and went east to play the unbeaten Ottawa Silver Seven. They lost, but Patrick played a swell game. His first appearance on a championship team came in 1906 when, as captain, he swept through with the Montreal Wanderers to win the Stanley Cup.

Lester and his brother Frank, two years younger than he, have written more rules into hockey than any ten other men. They dropped one player and introduced the six-man game; they revised the rules and brought in the forward pass, defense zones, and many other improvements. Frank also was a fine player and a great manager. He managed the Boston Bruins.

Lester Patrick retired as an active player at thirty-eight, but four years later found him back in harness. Even after he moved east in 1926 to boss the New York Rangers, his playing days were not over. His dramatic entry into the World Series of 1928, when his Rangers defeated the Montreal Maroons for their first Stanley Cup triumph, will never be forgotten.

Forty-four years old, Lester hadn't played for three years. He sat on the bench directing his men. Suddenly Lorne Chabot, the goalie, went down in a fierce mix-up at the net. He had been hit in the eye by a flying puck. A doctor ordered him taken to the hospital at once. Patrick sought out Eddie Gerard, manager of the Maroons, and said, "Ed, I haven't a man to replace Chabot, and I want to use a nonmember of the team. Alec Connell of Ottawa and McCormick of London are here. Would you object if I took one of them?"

Gerard was a good sportsman, but he hesitated. "I'll put it up to my boys," he said. With the championship in the balance, the boys said emphatically, "*No.*" When Les brought the bad news back to his men, they said, "Why don't *you* go in? Let's show these Montreal guys we can lick 'em!" But let Les himself tell it:

"Spirit is a great thing in hockey, as in anything else. The position was new to me; I was an old man so far as hockey went. But the important thing was, the Rangers wanted me in there. A few minutes later I was togged out in Chabot's outfit. My skates were too big, the shin guards were wobbly on me, nothing seemed to fit. I was in a spot. The Maroons were certain to center a furious attack on me. They did. But Boucher, Abel, Johnson, Bill and Bun Cook fought like mad devils. One shot did get by me for a goal, but I vowed they wouldn't get another past me if I died right there in the net.

"The fight became more bitter. The men took the wildest risks of losing eyes or teeth. But the Rangers continued to play like men possessed, and finally the whistle shrilled—the game was over. We had won!"

That's the way the Patricks play today. That's the spirit they vow will keep them in the fighting until the play-offs for the Stanley Cup. "We'd rather get the bad breaks now," they say, "than later, in the play-offs. What about the play-offs? Will we win? *Will* we! Ask dad—he knows!"

That's the first time they ever called him "dad"!

THE END

Moses was a meek man

He wouldn't fight, and it took a girl and a judge to change his ways!— The sparkling story of a pacifist in love

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THERE was a legend in those lean mountains that Bee Coates, before his maturity had come upon him, swam Thunder Creek at the height of the spring freshet with a sheep on his back. The size of the sheep varied with the teller; some held it was a newborn lamb, others that it was a middling ewe, and the extremists claimed nothing less than a full-grown and lustily protesting ram. But all hands agreed on the rest—with the corollary that, what with raging water and whirling uprooted trees and the disconcerting carcasses of bears and catamounts and mules, nobody but Bee would have tried the exercise even if he was unburdened and tied to a rope from the other shore and fortified with 'shine to ease his nerves.

For Bee, in a land of lanky men whose long sinews held surprising endurance and strength despite an unscientific diet of fat meat and pone, was lankier and stronger and more enduring than any of them. He could fell more trees and clear and plow more perpendicular truck-patch acreage than any two of them put together; and, furthermore, he did it. That was his first peculiarity. He worked when he could have been running the woods with his gun or scuffling or whittling or just resting himself in the sun with a jug handy, and his farm was a sight to behold. That was his second peculiarity and more outlandish than the first; but he went even further: he wouldn't argue and he wouldn't fight, and he let jugs alone.

While his mother lived, nothing could be done to rescue him from this condition; for she was a fierce old

Turkey Neck staggered and fell face up. "He's kilt!" some one yelled.

by Robert Murphy

woman who, through some aberration of her parents, had been taught to read the Bible, and she confounded them all by her quotations and her expert recklessness with a chunk of stovewood. She had early determined that her son was going to be of some use, and she saw to it that the neighbors, with their pervasive doctrines and their utter shiftlessness, let him alone. Bee's contemporaries waited her out; but when she finally passed on, breathing fire and brimstone against them, and they descended upon Bee, they found that she had had him too long. He was a good man run to ambition and mildness; he was ruined; for his mother, reserving the power of learning for herself, had saturated him with pacific parables and suppressed all others. Even his face showed the alien streak that was in him; for while theirs were lean, with narrow jawlines, and held a hint of secretive truculence, his was mild and faintly rounded and quick to smile. Furthermore, he had shaved his beard off.

Despite this disquieting sign, they endeavored to shame him out of the dangerous notion that man was born for other things than the delights of battle, the chase, and leisure. But Bee calmly refused to listen to them. Standing on the narrow shelf which held his cabin, black-haired and in clean overalls and even wearing a pair of shoes, with the wild precipitous rise of the mountain behind and before him, he listened with a benign smile. "He what is slothful in his work," he said, "is kin to a great waster, and all this carryin'-on y'all talk about demeaneth a man. That is spoke in a parable, so it's the truth. Ain't no scufflin' and fightin' in the Bible." At this they tried to recollect tag ends of quotations dealing with bloodshed and vengeance. "It ain't so," Bee said, "or my mammy would tol' me, and y'all can't show me no parables like that nohow." They got a Bible, but as none of them could read it they were in no better case than before.

Finally they had to confess themselves defeated. They gave it up and trailed down the mountains by twos and threes, muttering, and thereafter left him severely alone.

HE would probably have been left alone for the rest of his life if he hadn't, through the outraged gossip he had caused, been brought to the attention of Annie McIntyre, an up-and-coming girl who lived farther down the hollow. There was no foolishness about Annie. She knew what she wanted, and she had never contemplated with delight the prospect of marrying with Turkey Neck Hanks, who had established his right to court her by outscuffling the rest of the neighborhood. Turkey Neck was a mighty man, it is true; but he was boisterous, moody, and as shiftless as the best of them. To marry with him would be like living with her father all over again, and after listening to the gossip about Bee she went secretly to his cabin. After viewing it from all sides and peeping through the windows, she realized that Turkey Neck had been an incidental experience and that her life's work had come upon her.

For Bee's cabin, unlike Turkey Neck's or her father's, had no recumbent and untidy male sprawling in the middle of a flock of roosting game chickens and bellowing to be waited upon, no rabble of coon hounds ready to snarl when one attempted to share the shuck mattresses with them, and—most wonderful of all—there was superhuman neatness, and running water in the kitchen piped through hollowed logs from a spring farther up the mountain.

After this vision it was not overly difficult for her to manage an encounter with Bee one evening as he walked a path near his cabin. He came around a corner and found her standing in an attitude of startled timidity, her eyes wide. She was lost, he thought; lost and perhaps a little startled by him. He paused.

"Even', ma'am," he said soothingly. He paid no particular attention to her, aside from that; he was thinking of something else.

She shrank back into the bushes. "Oh!" she said. "Could ye . . . I don't reckon I know y'all."

"I'm Bee Coates," he said.

"Oh!" she said again, and showed more confidence by coming out into the path. "I was a mite scairt. But I heard talk about ye, and I know ain't nothin' to hurt a gal in a big handsome man like y'all that at the same time got such feelin' and gumption in him."

Bee blinked, and stared afterward. He recalled seeing this girl around, but somehow he hadn't noticed before the creamy texture of her skin or the astonishing perfection of her figure or the fact that she was endowed with appreciation and intelligence. "Sho!" he said. "I just try for to be a good man . . . ah . . ."

"Annie," she said. "Annie McIntyre."

"A right pretty name. Anyhow, the Annie part of it."

Annie came a little closer. "I'm right ashamed," she said, "that I acted so mean with ye, but I been livin' with mean folks so long . . ."

"Yes'm," Bee said; "they's right low-down and shiftless, and sometime I aim to try to lead 'em to a better way of livin'." He put his hand on her shoulder; it was soft and warm. "I reckon it is hard for a gal," he went on, "and I'd be right

proud if ye'd come to me for strength do you ever need it."

She looked up from under long, dark lashes. "Thank ye, Bee," she said. "Thank ye kindly. I often need comfortin' and such, but pap don't turn me a-loose often. Could y'all stop by the cabin once in a while?"

Bee considered this. He felt a very distinct inclination; but Annie's father, Red Fox McIntyre (so called because of his great flaming beard), was one of the most shiftless and argumentative of men, and Bee had more than once felt a shameful and almost overwhelming desire to lay hands on him. "Well . . ." he said, and looked doubtful.

"Leastways," Annie said quickly, "maybe ye could walk me part way home. I was berryin' and I got lost, and the dark's comin' down."

Bee, neglecting to look for the evidences of berrypicking, brightened. "Yes'm," he said. "Yes'm, I could."

They set out side by side, and the shadows deepened as they walked. Annie kept a sharp ear out for frightening noises, but none came. She began to talk, artlessly, on the tremendous amount of work it was her daily habit to accomplish. She liked it, she said; the scandal was that it amounted to so little because of her father's slothful habits. That she liked hard work was the truth; but no one can talk forever about hard work, and by the time they reached the log bridge which took Red Fox's path off the road and over the creek she was beginning to falter in discouragement.

But her luck mended. Almost under the bridge there was a catamount which had been patiently waiting for a trout. It crouched, hoping they would pass; but they stopped instead, and the catamount left the field to them with a spitting yell of frustration and rage. Annie, who at any other time would have sped it onward with a barrage of rocks, was in Bee's arms and softly clinging before he realized what had happened. He stood for a moment and the blood began to pound in his ears. His hold tightened, but Annie disengaged herself and stood covered with modest confusion. "Oh, Bee!" she said. "I'm right ashamed, but he scairt me."

"Sho!" Bee said, a little dazed. "Thunderation! Well . . . Annie, maybe I better stop at yore cabin come Tuesday, seein' ye asked me."

"Oh, Bee!" she said, and turning ran up the path.

ANNIE'S victory, however, soon threatened to become an embarrassment; for the recollection of Bee's strong arm about her remained in her mind and grew, and she realized that she had entrapped herself as well as Bee. She should have been excited and happy, for Bee's visits rapidly increased and he made it plain that matrimony was his object; but in all other ways he daily grew more unconventional. Not only did he fail to rage up and down the hollows like other suitors, scuffling with all comers out of sheer exuberance and shattering the evening calm with his roaring, but he became crazed with the desire to help his fellow men. He sought them out and made a nuisance of himself trying to talk them into bettering their lives; he interrupted their hunting and their leisure with lectures on the improvement of crops and the evils of laziness. This sort of thing was definitely discouraging to a damsel in the grip of the tender passion.

Also, she began to fear for his safety, even if he was the strongest man anywhere about; for the men he bothered were short of patience and showed plainly that they wanted none of his harangues. She was moved to speak to him.

BEE," she said hesitantly, "ain't no man on earth ever carried on like ye're doin', and if ye warn't so strong they'd 'a' jumped ye afore now. Ye got to git over this craziness."

"I got to guide 'em," Bee said.

Annie sighed. "If ye got to," she said, "ye got to, I reckon. But this ain't no way to do it. Ye can't guide no mountainy man talkin' mealy-mouthed to him. Do you tromple a couple of 'em—"

Bee rose in wrath. "Take a holt on yore tongue! Them as takes the sword perishes by it."

"I recollect," Annie said, "a couple preachers talkin' about the sword of the Lord and Gideon. It comes a time—"

"It ain't so," Bee said stubbornly, "or my mammy would tol' me, and ye can't show it to me nohow."

Annie, who had never learned to read either, found herself in the same condition as the rest of Bee's rescuers. She was forced to give up argument and fall back upon a desperate hope that the madness would wear itself out. But it grew stronger instead, and Bee's persecuted neighbors began to show signs of restlessness. His truck patch was despoiled by night, his mule was mysteriously whitewashed, and some of the windows of his cabin were broken. When these matters came to light, Annie felt a stirring of hope; but, to her horror and dismay, Bee meekly endured them.

Nor was that all. Turkey Neck, always a problem, was becoming unmanageable. At first Annie had kept him out of the way against the time when Bee's affections were strong enough to ensure his dismissal in the time-honored fashion; but as Bee showed less inclination toward precedent as the days went on, Annie became frightened.

One night, when Bee came up the path, Turkey Neck was sitting on the cabin steps, beetle-browed and lowering; his very prominent Adam's apple rose and fell nervously, for he wasn't quite sure that Bee was as meek as he'd been painted.

"Whoa!" he said, to feel Bee out. "Whoa, yallerbelly! This gal's mine, and ye better take yore shaved face home."

Bee paused, listened mildly, and came on. When he was within reach Turkey Neck gingerly took hold of him.

"I tol' ye," he said a little uncertainly, "not to come no further, and I mean it."

Bee remained perfectly passive and even smiled. "Turkey Neck," he said, "I tol' Annie once, and I tell ye now: them as takes up the sword perishes by it."

"Savin' grace!" Turkey Neck exclaimed. "Ye mean ye won't scuffle with me even now?"

"Scuffles is made by two folks," Bee said, "and the peacemakers is blessed."

Turkey Neck didn't intend to do it; Bee's reputation shadowed his mind with caution. But this doctrine was so repulsive to his instincts and upbringing that his muscles reacted as though he had picked up a snake. He threw Bee into the yard; and as Bee remained where he had fallen, still smiling, Turkey Neck followed and picked him up and threw him again. A madness descended upon Turkey Neck. He ran after Bee, picking him up and throwing him until he had gone all the way to the creek and deposited Bee on the highway. Then he plunged into the creek and washed himself free of contamination, and when he emerged he remarked that Bee would be a dead man if he ever returned.

TURKEY NECK," Bee said, picking himself up carefully, "y'all is blinded by error and full of violence, and ye ain't fitten to have that gal. Besides, I aim to have her myself, and I'll come back every day until ye see the evil of yore ways and take yoreself off."

Helpless rage descended upon Turkey Neck. He returned to the cabin, soothed his shattered nerves with Red Fox's jug, and recounted all that had happened. Red Fox listened with his beard bristling, and finally upbraided his daughter bitterly for ever daring to speak with such an aberration of nature as Bee. "And on top of that," he said, "I ain't a-goin' to have him here no more."

Annie wept, but not for long. "I'll have him up here," she said. "I reckon he's the sorriest man that was ever created in the world, but I want him, and maybe some day he'll git over it. I'll have him up here, and y'all can't stop me."

Red Fox and Turkey Neck reacted with immediate and profane violence; the cabin rocked with their rage.

"I ain't," said Turkey Neck, when things had calmed a little, "a-goin' to even look at that pizen varmint one more time. I'll hide in the bresh and shoot him, and that's a mortal fact."

"And me," Red Fox said, "I aim to help ye."

Annie said nothing; but she moved to the woodbox, selected a length of stovewood, and started for them with such evident carelessness of results that they both moved hastily into the

yard. Red Fox thought hard as he went, and when she showed signs of coming out after them he held his hand up.

"Whoa, now," he said. "Maybe he let Turkey Neck take a-holt of him on account of he didn't want no scuffle in front of the gal he aims to marry with. If we tell him to scuffle he'll do it like as not, and we got to git this here messin' around settled up quick. Tomorrow, come sun-up, ye ketch the mule and ride down to Black Forks and tell everybody to come up for a battle royal, and the one that wins it marries with ye."

"What the tarnation—" Turkey Neck began.

Red Fox poked him to be quiet. "I reckon," Red Fox went on, "that will fetch him."

Annie considered. It was a desperate chance to take, but desperate measures were all that was left to her.

Red Fox led Turkey Neck out of hearing. "This here plan," he said, "is bound to work. He ain't goin' to scuffle, but in case he does we got everybody here to stomp him. Ye scurry around tonight and skeer 'em all into comin' and agreein' to stomp him just as soon as the battle royal starts. Ye kin lick 'em all, can't ye?"

"I reckon I already done it," Turkey Neck said. "All but him."

IN the long rays of the afternoon sun the lanky bearded men in overalls climbed the rocky path to Red Fox's cabin. There was little conversation. In the normal course of things they would probably have endured Bee, easing their nerves with a little rough horseplay, because they considered him a lunatic and harmless. But he had overstepped the bounds of their patience by bringing Turkey Neck and his threats down on them. He had become a stirrer-up of trouble, and they intended to get rid of him. They eyed him as they came up, stared as he greeted them pleasantly, and settled down grimly to wait.

Annie came out. With a pleading look at Bee, she started a little speech as to the purpose of the gathering. But Bee, with an incredulous expression, arose and interrupted her.

"It ain't no use," he said, "to add to the meanness of folks that are mean enough already. This gal"—and he bowed toward Annie—"is mine on account of I got the best place to take her and the best life for the gifts the Lawd give her. She's a good hard-workin' gal and deserves more than a shiftless coon hunter what lets his cabin fall down and his truck patch run to brier bushes. I'm ready," he went on, as the gathering listened in stupefied silence, "to put the marryin' off for a spell and give any man a chance to prove hisself worth more to her than me. And," he said, with a magnificent gesture of finality, "that's all for the time bein.' Now I done thought up a talk on keepin' weevils out of—"

That was as far as he got. The meeting arose unanimously and looked at Turkey Neck, who ground his teeth and spoke. "Boys," he said thickly, "this fryin' chicken still aims not to fight. We done put up with enough, and the buzzards is waitin'."

They started for Bee, who folded his arms and watched them. They didn't hurry, but their movement was as irresistible as that of an avalanche. Annie knew that no foray with a stick of firewood could stop them. Bee's words as to her worth had moved her beyond her long impatience with his crazy meekness. She rushed into the cabin, grabbed Red Fox's ancient brass-bound horse

"What is that smell in here—like marshmallows toasting?"

pistol from above the stove, rushed out again, and pulled the trigger. The pistol roared like the thunders of judgment. Turkey Neck clutched his breast, staggered, and fell face up. His arms went wide; and there, for all to see, was a round red spot immediately over his heart.

The avalanche stopped and stared and fell back. "He's kilt!" some one yelled. "He's kilt daid and the heart lights is blowed clean out'n him."

Private killings, performed in anonymity from the brush, were the code of the country and one thing; this was a public matter and considerably different. They were all in it, and the new judge, who had come from outside not a month gone, was a very unorthodox and puzzling man. This condition slowly penetrated the minds of the more thoughtful, and presently they spoke of it.

"We ain't hankerin'," they said, "for to have this judge messin' in our business, but he's bound to hear of it. We better git the sheriff before a glut of stories gits around and they stretches our necks because they ain't got the right hang of it."

They caught Red Fox's mule, put a man on it, and impressed the need of haste on its mind with a fence rail. It vanished down the mountain, and the group sat down glumly to wait.

Bee went sorrowfully up to Annie, and took the pistol from her hand and dropped it to the floor.

"Annie gal," he said, "a sorrowful day is come on us for sure, and I'm right sad ye held to such carryin'-on. But don't worry none, Annie. Ye'll be all right."

"Oh, Bee!" she said. "They'll take me away from y'all."

"No, ma'am," he said; "they won't."

They stood together in silence until the sheriff, a black-browed and dyspeptic man, came back with the messenger, stared at the corpse, and demanded: "Who done it?"

Bee stepped out. "Me," he said. "I done it."

The gathering stared, swallowed, and immediately looked more cheerful. It was a most satisfying conclusion that had failed to occur to them. Annie jumped off the porch, protesting wildly. But they shouted her down. They all swore at the top of their lungs that Bee had cold-bloodedly killed Turkey Neck.

The sheriff assigned three men to hold Bee. He then approached Turkey Neck, and, after staring at the wound, shoved back his hat, stooped, and unbuttoned Turkey Neck's shirt. The shirt fell away and the sheriff straightened up quickly; for the dead man's chest lay exposed without a wound or scratch on it. The circle drew in, staring. The sheriff knelt again, listened to Turkey Neck's heart, and took both his hands to pull him up. The sheriff uttered an exclamation and raised Turkey Neck's right hand. The end of the index finger had been shot off, and in clutching his breast Turkey Neck had made the blood spot on his shirt. The sheriff flung that hand down and stood up.

"Sho!" he said in a tone of utter disgust. "Tarnation light on y'all for a passel of trashy hoot owls! Throw a pail of water on him, and if he ain't scairt to death he'll git up. Turn that Bee Coates a-loose."

MEEKNESS had triumphed again, and their overtried nerves gave way. They howled, they stamped about, they demanded that Bee be hung or locked up for life or that they be let at him. But the sheriff cocked his rifle and took a stand in front of him. The crowd was so moved, however, that he finally had to give way. "Sho!" he said, with more disgust than before. "I ain't goin' to have no riot, and if nothin' else suits y'all we'll tote him down to Black Forks for a trial."

So, with Bee walking patiently beside the sheriff, they all wound raging down the mountain toward town. Annie ran after them and caught up with Bee.

"Bee!" she said. "Bee, honey, ain't y'all stood enough? Can't ye rise up and smite 'em? There must been a man in the Bible was meek till it got too much for him and they plagued him long enough."

Bee shook his head. "My mam-

my," he said, "ain't ever tol' me about such a man, so it ain't so and ye can't show it to me. Don't entice me into trouble, gal. If I'm humble like my mammy said, I'll heap coals of fire on 'em."

THE judge was a city man who had got on the wrong side of the party and been sent to the backwoods to meditate on his sins, and he disliked the mountaineers thoroughly for their shiftless ways and their clannishness. He entered the flyblown little courtroom with a scowl.

"Sheriff!" he rapped out. "Take the stand."

The sheriff climbed up and had his say, or most of it; for before he was finished half the audience was on its feet shouting corrections. The judge banged his gavel until it cracked and managed to get a semblance of order; but as Turkey Neck, fully resurrected and highly vocal, apparently couldn't be quieted, the judge pointed to him. "You there!" he shouted. "If you won't be quiet, get on the stand."

Turkey Neck mounted the stand and went into an impassioned harangue concerning Bee's entire life, his possibilities, his odious apostasy, and his sins. The judge endeavored to extract from what he privately termed "their barbarous idiom" some point upon which to discomfit them. When Turkey Neck finished, he thought he had it. He pointed his finger and scowled.

"You say this Bee Coates is a strong man?"

"Yassuh," Turkey Neck said. "I reckon he's the most pow'ful man in these parts."

"Then, if this Bee Coates is possessed of this strength, if he could admittedly whip any or perhaps all of you, and yet prefers to aid you instead, why do you prosecute him?"

Turkey Neck stared at this incomprehensible outsider, opened his mouth once or twice, and grew extremely flushed. "Great balls of fire!" he burst out finally. "He won't fight with us! We downright persecutes him, and he up and acts meek with us! And that ain't all! He says we got to work for our womenfolks, and raise crops instead of goin' a-huntin' and a-catchin'." Turkey Neck banged the stand, took a deep breath, and fairly shrieked: "It ain't in nature, and we can't get shut of him! We tried and tried, and now y'all got to do it! We ain't a-goin' to stand it no more!"

The judge called Bee up and looked at him for a long moment. "Where," he inquired, "did you get the idea that these people could be inspired by meekness?"

"These people," Bee said, "is slothful and full of idleness. Their fields is full of thorns, and poverty comes up on 'em like a armed man, and they starves in the winter. For a long time I was blind to their trouble, but a gal moved my heart to help 'em. I got to help 'em, and I can't help 'em by scufflin'. My mammy tol' me from the Bible that the example of the humble is mighty, and that a violent man leadeth his neighbor into confusion."

The judge stared at Bee. It was impossible not to be impressed by him; and, the judge thought, seeing that the mountaineers respected nothing but force, he might indeed get the shiftlessness out of them if he could be talked into knocking a few of them down.

"The Bible," he said, "has several examples of force being used to cure fools of their folly."

Bee shook his head. "It ain't so, or my mammy would tol' me."

The judge sighed; he'd encountered mountain stubbornness before.

ROBERT MURPHY

born in Philadelphia, went to Washington and Lee University for two years, then into business. He didn't like it, and turned to writing. He likes horses, shooting, and outdoor life in general.

"Listen," he said. "If you'll beat the life half out of several of them and convince them, I'll dismiss the case."

"I can't," Bee said. "I reckon after I been chastened enough they'll see."

The judge, seeing his face grow more stubborn, suddenly stood up. "Can any one here," he asked, "tell me how to convince this man?"

Annie, who had been sitting sunk in dejection, was galvanized into life. Many times she had tried to convince Bee, and had always received the same answer. She jumped up.

"Kin y'all read?" she asked.

"Read? Of course I can read."

"Show it to him," she said. "Read it out, where a meek man turns to scufflin' when won't nothin' else do."

The judge looked doubtful, but he picked up the Bible and began to search through it. Finally he found something that satisfied, and laid the open Bible down in front of him. "Did you ever hear of Moses?"

"Yassuh," Bee said.

"You know that he was a meek man? A very meek man?"

"Yassuh," Bee said. "My mammy tol' me how meek he was."

"Listen to this, then," the judge said. "The Egyptians persecuted Moses and his people, and Moses finally rose against them in battle and defeated them; and then Moses and Miriam taught the people this song. It's from the fifteenth chapter of Exodus: 'The Lord is a man of war. . . . Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea. . . . In the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee: thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.'"

Bee bowed his head as the sonorous phrases rolled out. When it was finished, he looked up. "Yassuh," he said; "it's there sure enough, and my mammy never seen it." He was quiet for a moment. "She done her best, but it was slow work and maybe she ain't got as far as y'all." He turned and looked at the audience—a slow, thoughtful look that wasn't lost on the judge.

"You're quite convinced?" the judge asked.

"Yassuh," Bee said without turning. "It's there and ye done showed it to me, and it's gospel truth."

The judge stood up. "My friends," he said, with a certain amount of satisfaction, "Mr. Coates is a gentleman worthy of emulation and slow to anger, but, as I have tried to show him, even Moses had his turning point. Mr. Coates is so slow to anger, in fact, that I am going to interfere in order to expedite the probable course of events. I find him not guilty, I declare him free of custody and the protection of the court, and return him to you herewith. Court is adjourned."

There was a moment of unbelieving silence—then a crawling murmur.

MEN looked at one another. The court became still, and then the stillness was split by a roar which shattered windows all over town. Benches were wrenched apart. Turkey Neck ran down the aisle and they closed in behind him. Bee rubbed his hands together and leaped for Turkey Neck. They fell and the mob rolled over them, but Bee was up at once, swinging Turkey Neck by the ankle as a club, and they went down in windrows before him. The red dust began to rise. After a few charges and countercharges, in the midst of the yelling and stamping and thumping, it grew so thick that the lamps couldn't compete against it. A roaring infernal murk descended in which Bee had the advantage. They had to be careful whom they hit, but to him every man was a target. For a while Annie tried valiantly to cover his back; but as the gloom increased and discretion vanished she saw that he didn't need her any more, and contented herself with admiration and an occasional foray to remove the fallen out of the way.

Finally Bee came to the end of them, and Annie found him standing, somewhat battered but whole, in the feeble, diluted glow of the one remaining lamp. Ruin lay around him, and a few beards thrust up peacefully from the shadows on the floor.

"Ah, gal," he said, putting one arm around her, "y'all wait quiet here with me for a spell. They ain't ready to listen right now, but when they are I aim to invite 'em to a talk I been thinkin' up, and I reckon they'll come. It won't be for a day or two nohow, on account of a marryin' they got to come to first. Leastways, that was my notion of it."

"Yes, Bee," she said.

THE END

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Advertising QUIZ

Grade yourself as follows:

35 correct .....Excellent
30 correct .....Good
25 correct .....Fair
20 correct .....Passing
Under 20 .....Failing

1—Are there any town criers today?

2—If Lady Esther is famous for cosmetics, what Lady is famous for bed sheets?

3—What book containing nothing but advertising matter is read by more people than any book published—except perhaps the Bible?

4—What do these words stand for: (*a*) Patapar; (*b*) Mothersills; (*c*) Revlon; (*d*) Wearever; (*e*) Fostoria; (*f*) Clorox; (*g*) Vigoro; (*h*) Dobbs; (*i*) Duz; (*j*) Bosco?

5—What manufacturer employs advertising to introduce such diversified products as hosiery, paint, explosives, and fabrics?

6—"When it rains it pours." What pours when it rains?

7—What is a most popular outdoor ad—a sign—that consists of merely a three-letter word?

8—Who's "Elsie"?

9—Installment selling originated in the United States. True or false?

10—For what main evil can consumers be blamed as economically wasteful in making purchases at department and specialty stores?

11—What magazine gave prizes of $25,000 for its name?

12—Over 60 per cent of the people of the United States do not use toothbrushes at all. True or false?

13—Advertisers sometimes desire to show the flag of the United States or various official government insignia in their advertisements. This is not legally permissible. True or false?

14—If you went to a zoo, of whose advertisements would these animals remind you: (*a*) mountain goat; (*b*) fox terrier; (*c*) penguin; (*d*) eagle; (*e*) bull; (*f*) mules; (*g*) lion; (*h*) crow; (*i*) dromedary; (*j*) greyhound?

15—Which of these was the first advertised automobile: Winton, Studebaker, Duryea, Pope-Toledo, Autocar?

16—Where would you have to be to "Sleep like a kitten"?

17—What two pipe tobaccos have names similar to men's formal coats?

18—Match editors with their respective magazines: (*a*) William L. Chenery, Life; (*b*) Henry R. Luce, Saturday Evening Post; (*c*) Sumner N. Blossom, Liberty; (*d*) Wesley W. Stout, Collier's; (*e*) Fulton Oursler, American.

19—Why are some towels called "Turkish"?

20—Six of these women or groups of women are famous for a certain common interest. What is it? Which ones are they? (*a*) Lady Godiva; (*b*) Mary T. Goldman; (*c*) Cleopatra; (*d*) Ogilvie Sisters; (*e*) Mme. Récamier; (*f*) Seven Sutherland Sisters; (*g*) Mme. Berthe; (*h*) Mme. Pompadour; (*i*) "Lily" Langtry.

21—Women buy three times as many black shoes as all other colors combined. True or false?

22—What products are associated with these slogans: (*a*) Say it with flowers; (*b*) The beer that made Milwaukee famous; (*c*) Eventually—why not now? (*d*) Good to the last drop; (*e*) Save the surface and you save all?

23—Where was the first printing press set up in the New World: (*a*) Cambridge, Massachusetts; (*b*) Mexico City; (*c*) Philadelphia; (*d*) Lima, Peru; (*e*) New York City?

24—Who was the first American President to speak over the radio?

25—Who originated mail-order merchandising?

26—What firm began the chain-store system?

27—What is a "hidden demonstrator"—considered so evil by the Robinson-Patman Act?

28—(*a*) What "hasn't scratched yet"? (*b*) "They satisfy." What satisfies? (*c*) Pink toothbrush reminds you of what dentifrice? (*d*) What does one use for athlete's foot? (*e*) What features the meter-miser? (*f*) What "Takes the odor out of perspiration"?

29—How long does a copyright extend?

30—Fill out these headlines: (*a*) "Do you make these mistakes in ——?" (*b*) "—— —— when I sat down at the piano." (*c*) "Often a bridesmaid, ——— —— —— ——."

31—Names of what weekly magazines are mentioned in the Declaration of Independence?

32—What American merchant founded London's largest department store?

33—What soap is advertised as being 99 44/100 per cent pure?

34—The nickname of what great bell in England became the name of what American clock?

35—What can be advertised as the most complete single food?

36—"Look at all three" urges whose advertising?

37—Give the second part of these names: (*a*) Sal; (*b*) Santa; (*c*) Glyco; (*d*) Lucky; (*e*) Bon; (*f*) Alka.

38—What localities do you associate with the following: (*a*) Sunkist; (*b*) Dole's Pineapple; (*c*) 20 Mule Team Borax; (*d*) Gorton's Cod Fish; (*e*) Eatmore Cranberries; (*f*) Raisins?

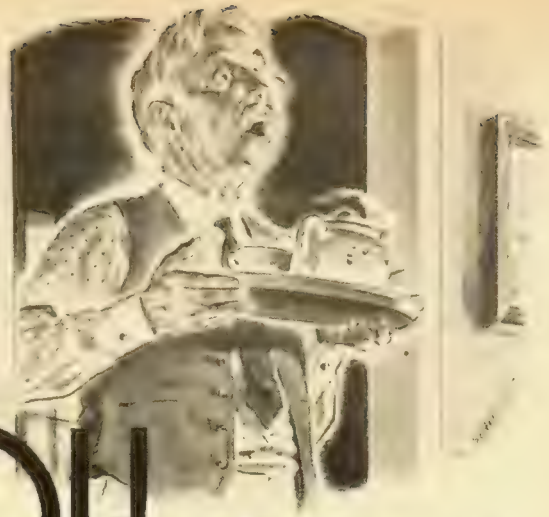
39—Slogans cannot be copyrighted. True or false?

40—What's his name? He was an ad copywriter and wrote short stories on the side, then his novel, Main Street, made him famous; later he married Dorothy Thompson.

(*Answers will be found on page 64*)

BY MARK O'DEA

BY CHARLTON L. EDHOLM



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

The Old Martinet's Coat

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ANNE BRADSHAW adjusted her steel-rimmed glasses and examined with painstaking care the garment that old Tom Widger had taken from the cedar chest.

"It's a good coat, Widger," she said. "It's seen service in its day. African sun. Desert sand and grit. Days and weeks and months of it."

"And a deal of pressin' an' brushin' it needed too, as I should know best. Most particular Colonel Bradshaw was to have it just so."

"Very well, Widger. Give it one more brushing and bring it back. Look sharp now, for I must mend those holes."

"Mend those 'oles?" Widger's voice rose in horror, but his instincts of a batman, trained by a martinet of note, caused him to suppress instantly that hint of protest.

"Yes, Miss Bradshaw," he said.

But as he left the room his fingers touched gently the frayed edges; one hole where a bullet had entered and one where it had passed out.

Old Tom Widger, gardener for Anne Bradshaw, did little work indoors (though he was not above serving tea), but one job he had clung to; that was the care of his old colonel's tunic, the one worn in the African campaign.

Now as he brushed it he muttered, "What's come over the old lady? Mend those bullet 'oles? No! 'Tain't likely. I must 'ave 'eard wrong."

For many years, since the Old Martinet's death, this "King's coat" with the marks of a miraculous escape had been Anne's dearest possession.

The bullet, deflected by a steel mirror in the breast pocket, had darted in and out again like a flash of light. And Colonel Bradshaw, staggered by the impact, had charged straight on at the head of his column, not knowing but that he had taken a mortal wound. That charge had won him his D. S. O.

And this day, with all England battered, flame-scarred, but defiant, Anne plied needle and raveling from a seam to efface those honorable scars from the tunic.

AN hour later she went out into the garden with her shears to cut the withered stalks.

Presently Anne looked up from her gardening and saw a woebegone tramp shuffling along the lane. He stopped at her gate, and what *he* saw was an elderly woman in worn tweeds, tall, gaunt, and angular.

A bit of Tartar, that! thought Muggins.

"Might I be so bold as to ask if I'm on the right road to Letchford?" he said, touching his disreputable cap.

"First turn to the left at the crossroads," said Anne. Then she added, "You're a stranger here, my man. Didn't I see you in Letchford last Wednesday?"

"You may have, miss. I am one of them évacués, in a manner of speakin'. Leastways, my missus an' kids are. The Jerries bombed us out of our 'ouse an' part of it fell on me." Muggins grinned, showing a large expanse of gums and a few scraggy teeth. "But what's the odds? A day or two in the 'orspital an' I was let out again. Now I'm down 'ere on leave."

"On leave from what? You're not in the army?"

"Me in the army? No fear, miss!" Muggins extended his hands and showed the left one twisted and scarred and the other minus two fingers. "I got these to remember it by. The time I joined up in '14."

"Then what *do* you do?"

"Drains, miss. I dig drains. There's plenty of work these days for a man that knows drains."

Anne Bradshaw met his eye. Dirty, unshaven, in tatters, he looked at her with a certain dignity that was all the finer for being unconscious.

"Not a very nice job, you might say. It don't smell like posies down there. But somebody's got to patch up the drains when the Jerries blast them."

Anne thought of the men she had seen on a recent visit to London. Firemen jetting water on the blaze, rescue crews digging for the injured in smoking ruins. Ambulance men carrying stretchers with no thought of waiting for the all-clear signal.

"Bless you," grinned Muggins, "we couldn't wait till the bombs stopped fallin'. Never would get our work done if we paid any heed to them blitzkrieg boys."

"Quite true," said Anne. "This is war in our own dooryard. We're all on the front line now."

"An' where else should we be? We're all English, ain't we?"

Anne's manner changed abruptly. For once, her tone of command gave place to something quite different. If she were speaking to Major Sir Oliver Whiting of the local Home Defense unit, or to the vicar, she would have used the same voice and manner.

"Won't you come in, please? And have a cup of tea?"

Muggins pulled off his cap. "Don't mind if I do, miss. Thankee kindly. It's perishin' cold."

She held the front door open and Muggins shambled in. Anne showed him a seat beside the fire.

"Widger," she called. "Look sharp, Widger, and bring in the tea."

As Widger entered with the tray, he was horrified. As he related afterward: "There was Miss Bradshaw 'elpin' that filthy drain digger on with Colonel Bradshaw's tunic. At least she had took orf the insignia, thenk God. 'Widger,' she says, 'ow does it fit across the back?' I was struck dumb, you might say, for a moment; then I catches my breath an' says, 'Like it was made to 'is measure, Miss Bradshaw.'

"'Good!' she says. 'An' now bring cups for three. We're all 'avin' tea today in the front line. Where else would we English want to be?'"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"FINE AS SILK, SALLY— AND PLENTY MILD!

"Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter leaf!" says Fred Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

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They'll tell you, too, that if you're like 97 people out of 100, the gentle "lift" you get from coffee lasts only about two hours.

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BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • VENEZUELA

Girl sticks out neck

de might have kissed
her; for it was late and
nobody was around.

BY

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

Danger ahead!—Now a frightening mystery closes in on a lovely lady

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

For what has happened so far in this story see page 26

PART THREE—THE SECRET IN STRACHEY'S PAST

CLARA gushed, emphatically saying nothing. She did not ask where Janet was living, what Janet was doing. She refused to sit down; she had to get on. But first—

"You must tell me where you're staying, Mr. Smith."

Without stopping to think, he did so. She smiled brightly.

"Because we really ought to be able to do a little business together. I pretended to believe you once, when you said you didn't have any pearls to sell"—the lady was being arch now—"but I refuse even to pretend any longer."

"But it's quite true," he said solemnly. "I really don't have any pearls for sale."

"Ah, now, now! We'll see about that! After all, I would pay cash!"

So faint was the stress upon the "I" that not until Clara Lair had flounced away, laughing in friendly fashion, did they become aware of it. Clara was a master in that respect. She babbled so freely and stressed so many words that not infrequently her pointed remarks went for the moment unnoticed. For the moment.

Now Janet and Strachey sat, becoming conscious of the breath of stress upon that "I". "After all, *I* would pay cash!" Or had the stress.

horrid thought, been rather upon the word "cash"?

Strachey said, "She's a poisonous creature."

"Yes. She's not stupid, either. And she has a habit of getting what she wants, somehow or other. She wants these pearls."

"She won't get them. That's not what I'm worried about. What I don't like is the implication— Look here! Do you suppose she really does mean what she practically said?"

Janet nodded slowly.

"I—I never thought of that when I first made you the business proposition. It never came into my mind."

"It wouldn't. You're a man."

"It just doesn't seem possible! I *have* got a job, which is simply that of wearing these pearls and letting you take me out? How are they supposed to know"—for the first time there was a fleck of sob in her voice, but she talked ruthlessly over it, trampling it—"that you're not crazy about me at all but only about an ornament? And do you suppose that if we did tell them that, they'd believe it?"

"You mean it's not only your cousin but—"

"Oh, everybody who knows me. Clara just happens to be the only one who made a crack about it."

"But listen. If these people *do* know you," he said, "they'll know you better than to think anything snow,' and so forth. I wish it wasn't that way, but it is. Naturally, my friends think I'm being kept. I expected them to. And while I can't honestly say that I don't care, I really didn't care enough to let it get in the way of taking this job. *I* know I'm all right, and that's what really counts."

He glowered. "Just the same, it makes me feel like a louse."

"It shouldn't. If I'm satisfied with the bargain there's no reason why you shouldn't be. The only part of my body I'm prostituting is my— Now don't wince when I say that, Strachey. There's nothing wrong with that word. Well, anyway, it's only my neck. Because that's the

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

STRACHEY SMITH, an American living on the isolated island of Mangareva in the South Seas—for what reason, no one knows—is bequeathed a valuable pearl necklace by an old Belgian, René Claessens. Claessens has spent most of his life assembling the necklace, and he requests that Smith add to it the five pearls that will complete it. Only then is he to open a letter containing further instructions.

Five years later, on the day Smith dives successfully for the final pearl, a yacht arrives in the harbor. On it are Clara Lair, the owner, and her cousin, Janet Lair, a poor relation. Clara wants to buy pearls from Smith, but he tells her he has none to sell. That night Janet goes ashore and sees Smith handling the necklace. He puts it around her neck and makes her a strange proposition.

Claessens, in his letter, asked Smith to take the necklace to New York and show it to a jeweler who is a rival collector. If Claessens' necklace is better than the jeweler's, Smith is to give it to the museum in Brussels. If not, he may keep it. Now Smith asks Janet to meet him in New York and to wear the pearls to improve their luster. He wants Claessens' necklace to be the better one, even though it means losing it. He will pay Janet a salary—out of money which Claessens left—if she will accompany him to theaters, the opera, restaurants, and night clubs with the pearls around her neck. Janet, strangely interested in the handsome beachcomber, consents.

In New York, she notices that Smith seems watchful wherever they go, and wonders if he is in some danger. She does not know—as does Walt Morgan, a gambler whom they meet in a night club and who is an old friend of Smith—that Strachey is haunted by the dead face of Jenkie La Rue.

Soon after Morgan leaves their table, Clara Lair comes in. She greets them effusively—but they both know that her envious eyes are on the pearls.

And yet, I suppose—according to their lights—"

"Naturally."

"You don't seem angry about it."

"I'm not. I got over that before we started. Do you think I enjoy being thought of as a kept woman? No. But I discounted it in advance."

"Why in the world didn't you tell me?"

"One of the things I like about you, Strachey," she said, and smiled, "is that in some ways you're so dumb. In the nice ways."

"How should I know that people are going to—"

"There's nothing especially dirty-minded about it. People just *do* think that way in New York. They do in plenty of other places, if it comes to that, but in New York they're more outspoken. They take such things for granted. Well, can you blame them? Look. People know I have practically no money, certainly not enough to live on, and I'm not taking anything from Clara or any other friend or relation. I'm not borrowing anywhere. I'm not selling anything. I haven't got a job. Yet every night I'm seen in the most expensive places, always with the same man, and I'm wearing"—she touched the necklace "this."

Her shrug was not nasty; it was resigned and natural.

"Well, after all, Strachey, what would you expect people to think? How are they supposed to know that like that! Don't they *trust* you?"

"People in New York," said Janet, "are not a trusting lot."

There was nothing hard-boiled about her, no hint of sandpaper. She was simply acknowledging a situation which, if regrettable, was likewise unalterable. Herself, she remained as fresh and lovely as ever.

"And you knew all this in the very beginning, you knew it'd be this way, but you didn't tell me!"

"Why should I?"

"But your—your reputation!"

She showed a shade maternal then. She looked as if she would have liked to kiss him in a nice way.

"Strachey, I keep forgetting how long you were out of civilization. Not that things have changed so much . . . I think you must have been like you are now even before you went to the South Seas."

"What do you mean?"

"Please don't be annoyed, Strachey. I didn't mean that you're naive and unsophisticated and all that. You know how to handle yourself, you know how to wear your clothes. And goodness! Didn't you just now introduce me to one of the most famous figures in the underworld? But in this single respect—"

She turned her glass around exactly once, studying it.

"Women don't have reputations any more, Strachey. Not in the sense you mean. Not in New York. 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as only part you happen to be interested in."

The music stopped, but this made very little difference, so rat-tat-ty was the talk all around. Though they sat close, the table being tiny, they were obliged to raise their voices.

"That's not true, Janet," he said slowly, "and you know it."

She felt color sheet across her breast and slide up into her face, and she knew she was all one blush and must look frightful. She would have liked to lift her drink or light a cigarette—do anything—but she feared that her hand would not be steady.

Soon she looked up. Strachey was not looking at her but beyond her. And there was fright in his eyes.

She turned.

Over the heads of others, over bare and broadclothed shoulders, past those who squirmed by or leaned chatting at others' tables, she saw that the only newcomer at the Sally was a tall man, very firm and straight, a man with curly stiff dead-white hair, stiff white protruding eyebrows, a face red-purple which seemed to have been shaved recently at a cost of great effort, and an air of affability downright fatherly. This could only be the man at whom Strachey was staring, and as she watched him, Janet became aware of a decided *alertness* about him. He stood there, smiling a little, genial,

(*Continued on page 28*)

FAMOUS GOLFER

LAWSON LITTLE

WRITES

Lawson Little, son of a U. S. army officer, learned golf as a boy in China. He twice won both the U. S. and British National Amateur Championships. He captured the Canadian Open Championship in 1936 and is the present U. S. National Open title holder. Today Lawson Little is almost as widely known as a popular host as he is as a golfer

"I find my guests like an opportunity to say, 'Lawson, I'll have Wine'

You see, a great many people these days prefer to stay on the moderate side"

NOWADAYS when folks gather around to enjoy themselves," writes Lawson Little, "I notice an increasing number prefer to be moderate. I find it's a nice custom to offer everybody a choice of beverages, including wine."

Next time you entertain at your house, just make a test. Join Lawson Little, Norman Rockwell, Grantland Rice and many another good host in giving each of your guests a chance to say "Make mine wine."

You'll discover, when you do, that wine makes possible more genial evenings. That it offers a more *considerate* way to be hospitable!

You see, the subtle goodness of wine is best enjoyed when you do not hurry over it. People prefer to linger with their wine glasses—to sip and savor and roll wine on the tongue. Almost no one has an urge to bolt wine down.

Once you try setting out wine for your guests, you'll discover how simple wine is to serve. You'll notice, too, that good wine is inexpensive.

More. You'll find, as Lawson Little says, that wine adds a special, leisurely note to your entertaining—adds an *extra touch* of hospitality.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: In discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. Wines of California, for example, are grown to strict quality standards. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

POPULAR WAYS TO SERVE WINE

In afternoon or evening entertaining. When friends drop in casually, nothing is better than one of the famous sweet dessert wines, served with crackers and cheese, or with thin sliced fruit cake. Red, full-bodied *Port*, for example; or golden *Muscatel*, rich with the unique flavor of Muscat grapes. These wines are usually served in small portions

At appetiser time. The delicate, nutlike flavor of good *Sherry* wine is an intriguing prelude to dinner. Serve your Sherry alone or with hors d'oeuvres...set it out in cocktail size glasses

With your dinner. Red, tart *Burgundy* and *Claret* are perfect with roast beef or with a juicy steak. And when your main dish is chicken or fish, just try delicate pale-gold *Chablis* or dry *Sauterne*. These table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) to complement the flavors of main-course dishes. Usual serving is about half water goblet size

Be Considera
—Serve Wi

This advertisement i
printed by the
wine growers of Califo
acting through the
Wine Advisory Boar
85 Second Street,
San Francisco.

"Somebody shouted that. Somebody yelled, 'Look out! He's got a gun!'"

(*Continued from page 26*)

tolerant, like a good-humored school principal watching his charges at play. Nevertheless, a swiftness in those twinkling eyes, a tenseness in those large easy-hanging shoulders, warned that this man was aware of everything going on around him and could at the slightest notice move very fast and with force in any direction.

"Do you mind if we clear out right now, Janet?"

Strachey's voice was even, and his hand on the table as he rose was steady as any rock; but she saw that he went to the side of her chair promptly and stood over her with his back to the entrance.

"I don't want to hurry you, but I feel a bit—well, I don't know; maybe I had half a drink too many. I could use air."

Now, the Sally, whatever its shortcomings, was wonderfully well air-conditioned. The air in it, indeed, was fresher than that of the street, which carbon monoxide ruled.

Janet did not point out this perhaps unimportant fact. She rose, nodding, smiling acquiesence in case anybody was looking, as somebody almost certainly would be. Her heart beat wildly. She saw out of a corner of one eye that Walt Morgan had gone up to the tall white-haired man and engaged him in rapt lapel-grabbing talk. She had seen Morgan glance once toward where they stood, she and Strachey, and she thought that she saw a glint of warning in his eyes.

As they wormed their way toward the entrance, Morgan turned the man half around. The man was taller than Morgan, and from his original position he had been able to look over the gambler's shoulder.

Morgan did not glance toward them when they went out into the entrance corridor for their wraps. They passed very close to the white-haired man, just behind him. Janet could have touched him.

In the taxicab Strachey said nothing. He seemed thoughtful.

At the hotel he dismissed the cab, as he usually did, his own hotel being but a block away. He walked inside with her, and across the lobby to the elevator. He might have kissed her there; for it was late and this was a small hotel and nobody was around; until the elevator arrived, and the dial showed it on the fifth floor, there would be nobody to see them. He did at least take her hands.

"Good night," he said.

She held on to his hands. She was frowning.

"You *could* take a girl into your confidence. They're not all chattering fools. After all, you trusted me with a fortune in pearls on the other side of the world."

"I've got to do some thinking," he apologized. "I'll see you here at the usual time tomorrow. I'll have reached a decision by then."

"Look, Strachey. I don't mean to be a nuisance, but if I can help—Maybe if I just sat and looked sympathetic while you talked—"

He shook his head. But the suggestion had made him happy, for he was smiling.

"No; I've got to dope it out alone. Good night."

"Good night, Strachey."

WALTER MORGAN lived in a respectable but obscure block. The apartment house was that, too—respectable but obscure. It was also small, though the apartments themselves were large, each occupying a whole floor. Walt Morgan's was the fifth floor, the top. There was no doorman, no attendant of any kind. The elevator was automatic.

He had always lived quietly. However much money he might have at a given time, he never wore jewelry, never threw parties. When Strachey Smith had met him he was living in a Westchester County house as neat and inconspicuous as any you could find, with a little hedge around it, a little vegetable garden, wicker furniture on a little side porch. Except that he did not sprint for the train each morning, he looked and behaved like any of his neighbors. For all they knew, he was a retired business man, probably a widower. Walt Morgan seldom received any friends in his home and was careful never to permit gambling there. He did not give out his address to just anybody, and though he was never without a telephone it was not listed in the directory.

This was partly because, being what he was, a man likely to have twenty thousand or more cash in his pockets at any time, a man moreover who would never appeal to the police, he was or could be a living temptation to kidnapers and hold-up artists.

Also it was partly because Walter Morgan was himself and by nature a man of quiet personal tastes. He was fastidious. Though professionally he never permitted this to show, he was something of a snob. He hated ostentation—one reason why he refused to have a bodyguard. He moved by afternoon and did his work by night among loud-mouthed men, race-track men, men with big cigars and mercilessly hearty manners. He knew these fellows, spoke their language. But after, as it were, office hours, he had no desire to mix with them. Then he went home. He did not carry it so far as to smoke a pipe in front of a fireplace, but indisputably he liked a book, a well shaded lamp, plenty of coffee. He did not welcome visitors. Sometimes he did not even admit them.

HE welcomed Strachey, in Eighty-fourth Street.

"Come in, come in! I was hoping you'd appear."

Not until Strachey was seated, and had a highball, and was letting his gaze roam around the apartment with its new bright mildly modernistic furniture, did Morgan pop the question that must have been straining his insides.

"What in the world ever made you come back? You don't suppose the cops *forget* little matters like that, do you?"

Strachey smiled. It was good to hear Walt Morgan talk again. Strachey had first met him when as a youngster of twenty-two, fresh from a Midwestern university, he, Strachey, had come to New York more or less to seek his fortune, though admittedly he carried a sizable sum. An orphan, he had brought with him all he had in the world, recently left him by his father, namely, a four-year-old car and $10,000 insurance money. He had come to look around, to get to know a city he had always dreamed about, and eventually to settle down into the kind of work that most interested him—though he was a little vague as to what this might be. Meanwhile he had some money, and there was no reason why he shouldn't see a bit of life.

Meeting Walt had been a break. He had liked the man instantly and was soon admiring him with an exuberance that approached hero worship. He had been flattered when Walt remembered him at their second meeting—indeed, came over to

Strachey's table. No yokel, Strachey had nevertheless been dazed by the excitement of being in New York. And he had always esteemed himself and at college had been admitted to be a crack poker player.

Walt Morgan, however, had not wished to talk about poker but about books. He would shake his head, with a deprecating smile, when Strachey circuitously hinted that he be asked to sit in at a big session sometime.

YOU don't want to get in with that bunch. A friendly game now and then's all right, but those babies are out for blood."

"I understand that. But I'm not half-witted. And even if I did lose a little, I'd be willing to pay for the experience."

"Have you ever read Max Beerbohm's Happy Hypocrite, Strach? Now *there's* a story for you!"

He had even done something he seldom did—he invited Strachey to visit him in New Rochelle, "if you ever happen to be going by that way." Strachey, of course, had jumped at the chance, though only figuratively. He had permitted a week to pass before he drove out to New Rochelle.

It had been a disappointment. He had found Walt in the company of Jenkie La Rue, whom he'd already met and disliked, and both men were strangely preoccupied as though by business. La Rue was one of those lackadaisical hangers-on, at times this, at times that, now making a book, now turning a wheel, again living none knew how. Not a tinhorn, certainly he was small-time, not in Morgan's class; Strachey had been amazed to find him at Walt's home.

"Sorry to turn you away, Strach." Morgan did this sort of thing with such affability that nobody could take offense. "You just happen to catch Jenkie and me when we've got some pretty serious stuff to talk about, and I'm afraid we won't be good company for a while. You didn't come out here especially to see me, did you?"

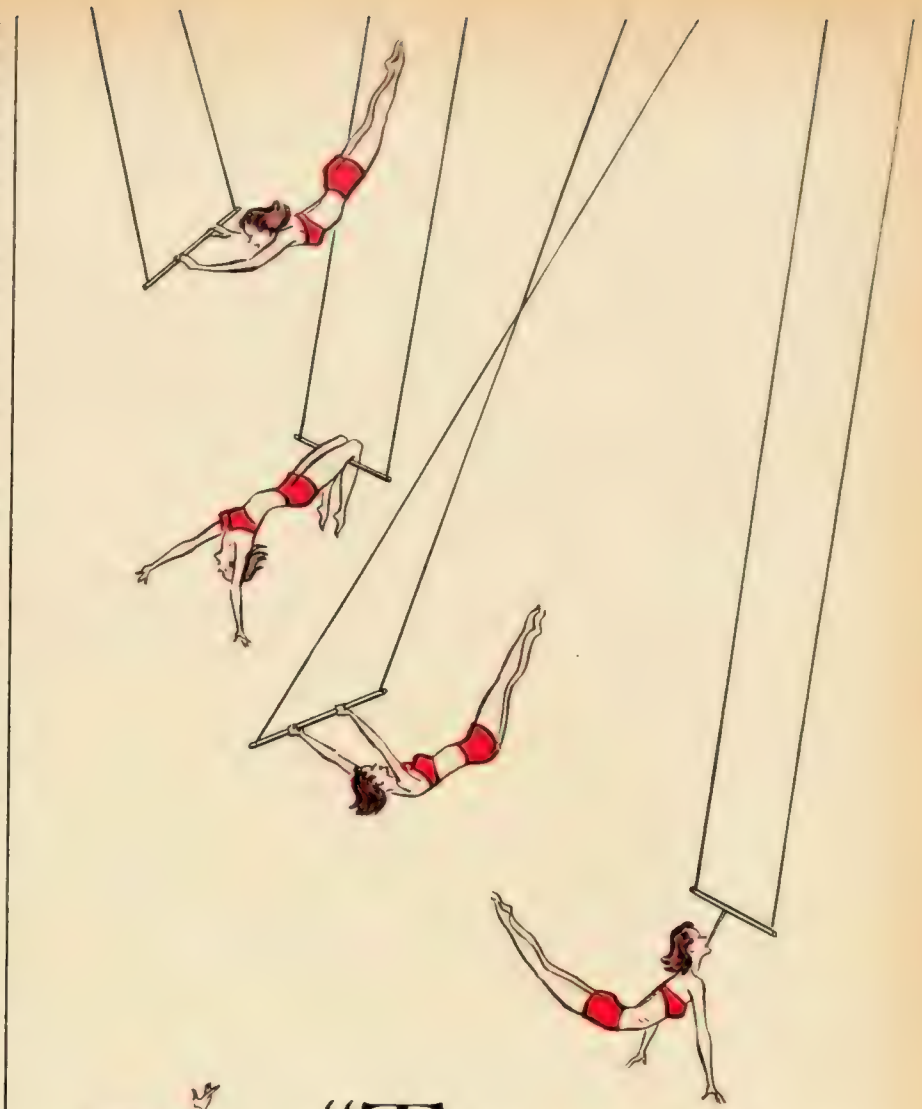
"Oh, no!" Strachey had been elaborately casual. "No. I just happened to be driving through, and I thought I'd stop and see if I could persuade you to change your mind about letting me in on one of those games sometime."

"Well, we'll see. I don't like to promise anything right now, but we'll see. Say, I hate to turn you away like this. If it had only been any other time—"

"That's all right," Strachey had said. "Sorry I bothered you."

A week later Walt Morgan had sought him out to say that there would be a little game that night in a certain hotel in the West Forties. No really important cardplayers, aside from Walt himself, but it might be interesting. The intimation was that it might also be safe. Indeed, Walt all but said this.

"I think I can keep these monkeys in hand. Just the same, watch yourself."



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Strachey had taken only $400 with him. He had left with $760 and the unerasable memory of a face.

He had wished to give himself up to the police right away.

"Don't be a fool! I'll stick up for you, but those other babies will swear your life away just to get themselves out of trouble. They'll say what the cops want them to. The one who really ought to get the works is the one who slipped you that revolver, whoever he was."

"I wouldn't know . . . it all happened so fast . . . and I'd had those drinks."

"He had it coming to him, as a matter of fact," Walt had muttered savagely, in the taxi. "The trouble is, he didn't have a gun himself, after all, when he came tearing around the table at you. *I'd* have sworn he did."

"Somebody shouted that. Somebody yelled, 'Look out! he's got a gun!'"

"I know. And the lice just stuck around long enough to find out that he hadn't. And then they scurried."

For Walter Morgan alone had stayed by him when the others fled. He and Walt had been left with the form of Jenkie La Rue, twisted, crumpled, like a toy with a broken spring, goggling dull eyes still open, chest all sticky with blood, in a room that smelled of gunpowder and tobacco. Together they had worked over La Rue, shaken him, slapped him, felt his heart and pulse, held a mirror before his slack pale mouth.

Then the exit, by way of a freight elevator and an alley door; and the taxicab.

BUT how can I run away? I don't dare wait for the bank to open, and I've only got—"

"Here. Don't let the money part of it worry you."

They talked in whispers, so that the driver could not hear, while they whee-ed and squawked through traffic. They started downtown.

"I can't take that, Walt! I may never see you again, and there must be eight thousand dollars here!"

"I should never have brought you into that game in the first place, a decent kid like you, and I'm going to see that you get clear. Here, take it. Give me a check, if you must. You've got that much in the bank, haven't you?"

"Just about. But if you go to the bank with this, it may get you into trouble."

"Don't you worry about me. Predate it. They'll have their suspicions, but what can they prove?"

"Where are we going now?"

"Brooklyn. I've got a friend that's captain of a freighter, and I think he sails either tonight or tomorrow morning. I did him a favor once. I don't know where he's going. Somewhere in the West Indies."

"I haven't got any passport."

"You won't need any, as long as you're with Schmidt. He knows his way around down there. You go where he tells you to, and stay put until you hear from me. I'll get a passport for you somehow. It can be done. Mail some pictures to me. Then, when you receive that, go a long way off and stay there!"

Wild unforgettable hours! Strachey had no near relatives, no close friends. He'd lose his car, yes, and the rest of his clothes; but what were these? He took from Walt just as much money as he knew he had in the bank and gave the gambler a check. Money, after all, was the principal thing right now. Cash.

Five hours later he was dropping down the bay.

HE told Walt, in Walt's apartment: "It was crazy to come back. I'll admit it. But I had to. A promise to— Oh, well, skip it. I'm here. Did you get into any trouble?"

"Not worth mentioning. They picked me up, of course. They picked up every one of us, and I can give a pretty good guess as to what the others told them. *I* didn't tell them anything. They didn't push me around. They didn't have to. They probably had all they wanted already. There wasn't any fuss about cashing the check."

"Was there much in the papers?"

"Damn little. Jenkie, after all, didn't amount to much, and there were some other pretty big stories going on at the time. Your name, incidentally, wasn't even mentioned in the papers." He frowned at his highball, holding it against the light. "That's just the part I didn't like about it. You know, Strach, the New York cops are a lot smarter than they ever get credit for. They asked me about you, naturally, and I didn't either say you'd been there or deny it. I simply didn't tell them anything. And they didn't go on asking me. It looks funny."

"Is there a warrant out for me?"

"I don't know. I tried to find out afterward but I couldn't. But there was certainly a John Doe indictment that could be clamped down over you. And anyway there's never any statute of limitations on murder."

He put his drink down, rose, went to the window.

"You've been damned good to me," Strachey said. "On top of all you did for me eight years ago, I've got to thank you for what you did last night at the Sally. That was Cantrell, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Sergeant Camera-Eye, they call him. He not only never forgets a face once he's seen it, but he can even pick out men he's never seen before, years afterward, because he remembers their pictures."

"Do you think he was looking for me?"

"I don't know. He could have been. He certainly wasn't at a place like the Sally just to have a good time. He was looking for *somebody*, and he probably would have recognized you if he saw you. I'm taking it for granted that you had some pictures of yourself in your apartment, which naturally the cops went through?"

"Yes, there were some snapshots."

"So I headed him off as soon as I saw him."

"It was decent of you."

Walt Morgan returned to his chair and his drink. He was faintly smiling, as always, and his blue eyes still held that dreamy amiable gleam; yet he nevertheless looked grave. His mask was fixed in place; his hand was steady; but he was nervous.

"Tell me what happened to you. Where did you get to?"

"A place called Mangareva. It's in the South Seas."

"Never heard of it."

"Neither had I before I went there. Schmidt's boat took me to Martinique. I never went on deck, and I don't suppose that more than a few officers and of course the cabin boy knew I was aboard. I had my meals right there in the cabin, the captain's cabin. Schmidt lent me magazines to read and he saw that I was fixed up with a toothbrush and shaving stuff and cigarettes, but he practically never talked at all."

"He never does."

"We got to Fort de France in the middle of the afternoon, and I stayed right where I was. About nine o'clock that night Schmidt came in and said, 'O. K.,' and I went ashore with him. That's all there was to it. Nobody asked to see my passport or seaman's card or anything.

"We went to a bar called the Josephine, and we had a drink together, and then he just nodded and said, 'Well, good luck,' and turned around and went out. That was the last I ever saw of him.

"I stayed in a little hotel that night, and the next day I went out in the country and rented a house. I got a colored boy to cook for me. Lived there two months. Hired a bicycle and used to make little trips here and there, but I was always careful to keep out of Fort de France when there was a ship in.

THEN, one day, along came a man I supposed was a sailor. He spoke English. He handed me an envelope with no name on the outside and said, 'This is for you,' and then just walked away. It was the passport. With my picture and everything. And there was a slip of paper with it, printed in pencil: 'Good luck, kid.' I knew it was from you."

"I didn't dare do any more than that." Walt went to the window again. "But I thought it might buck you up."

"It did buck me up, heaps. When I mailed you the pictures I'd had taken in Martinique, I didn't really hope you'd be able to swing it. I suppose there are ways of getting things like that. But I think the note pleased me even more."

He took a drink.

"Well, there was a little Messageries Maritimes freighter in from Marseilles less than a week after that, and I took it. We went to Cristobal, but we only stayed there a

few hours and I never left the ship. Then we went through the canal, and about a couple of weeks later we got to Tahiti. That's where I got off."

"And you've been there ever since, eh?"

"No. Tahiti's nice, but I decided I'd better keep moving. There are some Americans there, and yachts put in at Papeete now and then, and there was a ship down from San Francisco every month or so, besides the Messageries Maritimes boats every six weeks. So, after I'd been there a little while, I got deck passage on a copra schooner heading down through the Tuamotu Archipelago to the Gambiers, and I got off at Mangareva. I don't think I could have done any better. Not even Pitcairn is visited less often. It's not far from Pitcairn, as a matter of fact."

"You like it?"

"It's not bad, Walt. I thought I'd go crazy at first, but I actually got to like it after a while. The natives are a pretty swell bunch, once you get to know them, and the island itself is a chunk of heaven."

"You're going back there, of course?"

"Well . . . . I don't know."

STRACHEY finished his drink. He was thinking about Janet, and he was not happy. He had had very little sleep the night before.

"It—it's hard to explain, Walt. I only meant to come back for a little while, a few weeks, until I got my business finished. Then I was going to return to Mangareva. But New York has hit me in a different way from what I'd expected. I've been seeing too much of Jenkie La Rue since I've been here."

Walt's eyes swiveled, popping almost audibly.

"You've been seeing—I don't get it."

"After all, I killed him," Strachey went on quietly. "We both satisfied ourselves that he was dead before we went out of that place. It isn't fair of him to come back to life again and keep mooning at me like that. He ought to stay put. I never did like him, you know. That time I almost had the fist fight with him in Barney's, just a few nights before the game . . . A lot of people witnessed that, of course, as you pointed out, and it will make it just that much harder on me."

The gambler said carefully, "What do you mean, 'will'?"

"I mean I'm going to give myself up to the police. I can't stand it any more!"

Can Walt persuade Strachey to save himself once more by running away? And what will Janet do when she discovers that the man with whom she has fallen in love is going to allow himself to be tried for murder? Next week, the mystery deepens and Strachey walks into an unexpected trap.

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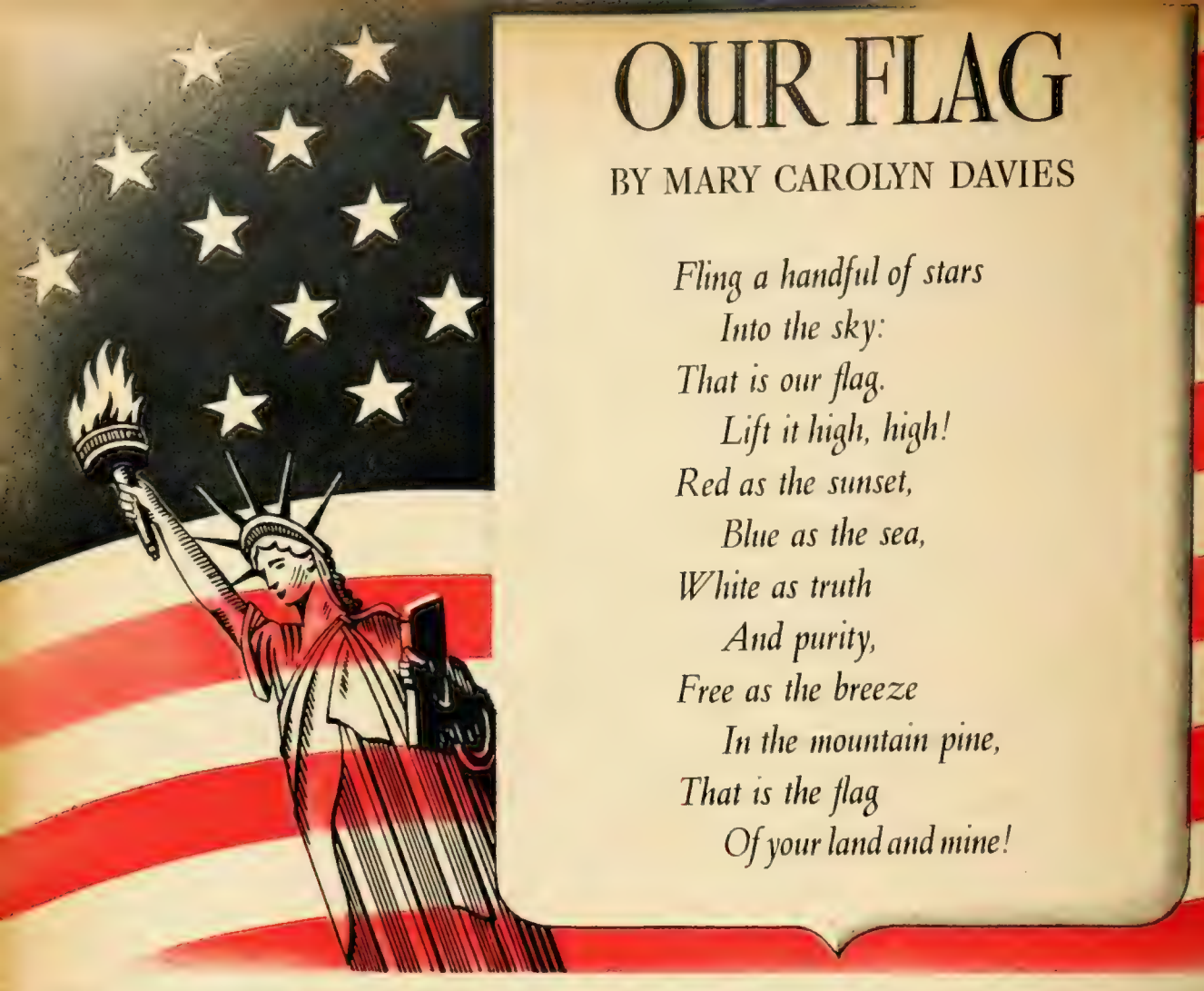


OUR FLAG

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Fling a handful of stars
Into the sky:
That is our flag.
Lift it high, high!
Red as the sunset,
Blue as the sea,
White as truth
And purity,
Free as the breeze
In the mountain pine,
That is the flag
Of your land and mine!

DO YOU INHALE?

All smokers do—some times. And inhaling increases the chance of smoking-irritation.

● Reported by eminent medical authorities is this vital difference between Philip Morris and four other leading cigarettes. ***On comparison, the other four brands averaged 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris.*** Read on:

● ***Further—the irritant effect of the four other leading brands was found to last more than five times as long!*** You can't *see* this difference—but you can *feel* it, *especially when you inhale!* That's vital to *all* who smoke!

● Especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris! Full smoking pleasure, without worry about throat irritation.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

I SAW YOU Singing

It wasn't like anything I'd ever heard before.

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Romance glows through the glitter of Broadway! Here's a captivating story of hearts and dreams

BY ROY HILLIGOSS

LADY," he said, "can you spare a piano?"

And it was a darned good thing I'd finished my number, because if that wasn't a crazy thing to hear all of a sudden like that! Especially from *him*.

I'd been singing, you see. I'd been doing the eleven-thirty routine, where I start up there with Tippy's band, wander around between the tables, and finish over by the door ready to greet the after-theater customers.

"What customers?" George always says when I mention it.

Anyway, I'd just wailed my last blue note when this fellow came up beside me and said, "Lady, can you spare a piano?"

I was way off balance, but I managed an arched eyebrow and a sarcastic "Wait till I look in my purse."

He shook his head—it was a well shaped head, I noticed, in spite of the little haircut that wasn't there—and he said, "Not a dime; a piano. Honest."

"I heard you," I said. "I was just trying to be funny, with the usual success. Now look. What on earth do *you* want a piano for?"

He scratched his head—and they were piano fingers he used—and he grinned through a three-day beard. "Sure," he said, "I sound screwy. Maybe because I *am* screwy. But

here's how it was: I came by and looked in the door, and I saw you singing, and you looked pretty good.

"I opened the door and you sounded pretty good. You got through, and all of a sudden I wanted to make music too. That's how pretty good you were, Miss Young."

I smiled at him. Like a schoolgirl. In a bankrupt-bound night club like George Browne's Colonie you smiled when some one said you were pretty good. Because even if you were good there was never any one there to tell you about it. So I smiled.

"All right," I said; "I'll ask Mr. Browne."

George was over by the stage, talking to Tippy, and he winked when I came up. He never let us see the trouble that must have been putting the clamps to him like a nutcracker.

"You've got a guest star, George," I said; and then I told him about it.

He peered the way I'd come and shrugged. "O. K. with me, April. And maybe when he's through we ought to dress him up and put him at a table on the east wall—balance the crowd."

I patted his shoulder. I'd known it would be all right, because that's how George is. He's so much that way that none of us had been looking very hard for another spot. Sticking with George and eating canned beans and hoping seemed like a better idea. You've got to be a little batty to be in show business, anyway.

When I got back to my shaggy man, his eyes were bright and eager like a kid's.

"The keyboard's yours, Eddy," I said.

"That's great!" He cocked his head. "How'd you know my name?"

"I don't," I said. "Just kidding—Eddy Duchin, you know. He does things to a piano, too."

He started to laugh. "Well, my name *is* Eddie. Eddie Thurben."

Then he was walking away from me toward the big white piano on the stage. Walking with an easy swing to his long legs and lanky body. Sort of appealing.

HE sat at the piano, waiting while Tippy got his band together to work in with Eddie, probably on the second chorus. They gave him a small spot—an off blue—and it wasn't funny at all, the way I'd thought it would be. It wasn't pathetic, either—for all his baggy clothes and beard and hair curling around his ears. Somehow, it was . . . impressive.

He ran his fingers along the keys and he smiled a little like he was meeting an old friend. Then he got under way and . . . oh, I don't know how to describe it. It wasn't like anything I'd ever heard before. It must have been something of his own, but he made it sound like something all *your* own, if you see what I mean.

I think I forgot where I was. I closed my eyes and let that strange music come right into my heart as if it hadn't even been detoured through my ears. I was close to my dream again, closer than I'd been in a long, long time. I was feeling Tom's arms around me, and his lips on mine, and hearing all the things he'd said that hadn't come true. And I was hoping again, the way I'd forgotten to hope. . . .

And then it was all over, and the ache and futility were back with me, and Eddie Thurben was getting up from the piano.

There was just a handful of people there, and the silence was a bigger thing than any applause I've ever heard. Tippy's boys hadn't played a note; they hadn't even tried. George was walking slowly over to meet Eddie, and the gape of his mouth was scenic.

I GOT there just as he took Eddie's arm and said, "That was big-time, son. I'd like to talk to you."

"Sure," Eddie said, and they went around behind the stage to George's office, with me tagging along whether they liked it or not. We sat down and George said, "Can't I order you something to eat or drink?"

Eddie was embarrassed. "Well," he said, "a cigarette, maybe."

George lit him one, and he leaned back in his chair, looking like a college boy who'd been riding freights for a lark. He didn't fit his music at all.

"His name's Eddie Thurben," I said to George.

"All right, Eddie," said George. "Let's talk business. I need you here. I'll even be a poor business man and tell you I need you badly. I can't pay you much at first, but if you draw the way I think you'll draw we'll get your salary onto a skyrocket overnight."

And darned if this hungry-looking kid didn't shake his head. "Thanks, but I guess not," he said.

"You're kidding," George said.

"No, sir," Eddie said. "I suppose it sounds screwy to you, but I'm just not interested in a job."

George slid forward onto the edge of his chair and pointed a finger like he was going to sell a bill of goods. But he changed his mind and his shoulders sagged.

"O. K., Eddie," he said. "It's your talent."

Not me. I thought of the losing scrap George had put up for so long; and I thought of Tippy and his boys pressing their own threadbare tuxedos and sleeping three in a bed; I even thought of the not-by-choice dieting I'd been doing for three or four months. And I got mad.

"Listen," I said straight at Eddie. "You've got a chance to do something for yourself and something for us, and I think you'd better do it. You look like something a cat wouldn't have the nerve to drag in, so you turn down a chance to get your bread first-hand and sleep without courtesy of the public parks. You're so anxious to play the piano you come into a night club and borrow one, so you turn up your snooty nose at three shows a night and newspaper publicity that could put you in the Rainbow Room in two months."

"Let him alone, April," George said. "He doesn't owe us anything."

"So what?" I said. "He isn't going anywhere; he isn't doing anybody any good. Why can't he stick around and give us a chance to get out of the red and build up a name for the Colonie? A few weeks of that music and maybe we'd . . ."

Eddie's face stopped me. Maybe he'd never seen a girl really let her temper loose before, or maybe he didn't think anybody could want to hire his fingers that badly. Whatever it was, he looked thunderstruck. He blinked at me, gulped a couple of times, and nodded. "O. K., Miss Young," he said. "O. K. Anything you say. I didn't know I'd punctured a storm cloud."

George was on his feet, pumping Eddie's hand and laughing like he'd signed up Paderewski himself at 5 per cent of the net. "Eddie, you're the best break I've had in years. Son, we're going places!"

Of course I took his hand too, and gave him a smile I hadn't used since we stopped playing to capacity. But the one he gave me back was a little on the suspicious side. When he left the office he still looked like he was thinking, "What a hellcat!"

AND George was right: Eddie was a swell break for us. Within a week we were saying, "Sorry," to anything but reservations. The sourest columnists in town were melting and running all over their typewriters. Every time you picked up a paper you saw something about Eddie's "mystic music that comes from out of nowhere and takes you back with it." And every time you saw a first-time customer going out you knew he'd be back the next night with a dozen friends.

It was even getting Tippy's band and me some of the attention we'd been starving for; but of course it was all Eddie. And you couldn't mind. It didn't seem to bother him at all. When he'd come around for his first rehearsal he was all cleaned up and looking pretty handsome—haircut, new suit, shiny shoes—and I thought, Now we get the "discovered artist" ego full force. But I was wrong. He was just a nice unassuming kid who liked to play the piano and who treated me as if I were his big sister. I was three years younger at least.

Anway, he worked as hard as any of us, and the more praise he got the less it seemed to affect him. Our routine was just the way the whole thing had started. I'd end a song over by the front door, and in he'd come, rags and all, to ask me could he try a few notes on the piano. Then over he'd go to play that strange music that finished to the perfect tribute of ear-splitting silence.

And every time it would send me back to Tom. . . .

That's how it was at the end of the

first week—all of us going a little crazy with our good luck and half the town storming our doors. Then we got our scare.

Eddie had just finished one of those series of encores that you lose track of and had come over to where I was sitting behind a pillar. He slipped into a chair next to me and took my hand, peering into my eyes like he was looking for something.

"What's this?" I asked. "Still under the spell of your own music?"

"No," he said very seriously; "but I think you are."

I tried to think of a smart retort, but I simply got red and stared at the tablecloth. "I don't get it," I said.

"I've been watching you," Eddie said. "Every time I play you look like you're passing out of the picture." He squeezed my hand. "C'mon, April. I'd like to be in on something more about you than I see and hear. Particularly when it seems to be tied up with my music."

"Would you?" I asked sort of stiffly. It wasn't his curiosity that irked me; it was realizing that everything was suddenly turned around. For a week I'd been treating him in an amused offhand manner, as if he were the cute youngster who lived next door. And now, just by catching me off guard, he'd taken my role away from me. He was the big brother trying to find out what was making little Pigtails cry.

He kept looking at me, and he was honestly concerned; I could see that. "I'm sorry you won't open up with me, April," he said. "But I guess I haven't any right to pry . . ."

He started to take his hand away from mine, but I held onto it. "Don't mind me, Eddie," I said. "It's just that I had a dream once, and when you play it all comes back. Then you stop and I'm back in the middle of everything that says the dream isn't ever coming true. You play, and it's all wonderful and full of pain at the same time." I laughed a little. "Now who's screwy?"

"Nobody," he said. "I've got a dream, too. You hear it every night, but you don't know what it means. Maybe I don't either. But . . ."

RIGHT then a waiter stopped by the table. "Mr. Thurben," he said, "Mr. Browne says could you come back to his office a minute? You and Miss Young."

Somehow it seemed wrong to end that conversation, but we got up and went back to George's office. There was a man with him, and George introduced him as "Mr. Toft." He was a night-club owner from Philadelphia, and he didn't beat around the bush.

"Eddie," he said, "I won't even bother asking what you're making here. I'll give you three hundred a week for ten weeks, with an option at five for ten more."

George kept his feelings hid pretty well, but I had a tough time. I was scared to death. I knew losing Eddie

WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK...

29% longer lasting flavor in Beech-Nut Gum, tests with 615 secretaries show

IN 26 CITIES throughout the country, 615 secretaries tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When *you* buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. *It's delicious.* Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and rewrapped in *plain* wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Beech-Nut was thus tested against all the other brands.

*Name on request.

They said:
more minutes of flavor

would just about wind things up for all of us. And yet—with me ready to break down into the best cry I'd had in years—darned if George didn't give Eddie a big smile and say, "Better take it, Eddie. I'm afraid I can't pay you that kind of money yet."

Then Eddie looked at me, and I tried my darnedest to smile. I really did, whether it was any good or not.

"Sorry, Mr. Toft," Eddie said, "but I don't think I'd like Philadelphia."

Toft sputtered. "Now, listen, Eddie, I've been looking for you ever since you left the Georgian Café. If I've got to go higher . . ."

"Nope." Eddie shook his head, and it was a very final shake. "The money doesn't mean a thing to me. Better check up on what I walked out on at the Georgian."

Mr. Toft made a disgruntled exit and George put his arm around Eddie's shoulders. "Son," he said, "you *are* big-time."

Eddie grinned. "Funny how some people think a little money'll do any trick." He looked thoughtfully at me and flexed his fingers. "Well . . . I think I'll go out and play the piano awhile."

George gazed after him like he was a miracle. "From the Georgian to the Colonie . . . and we thought he was a tramp." Then he thanked me for coming in. "I thought it might help keep him here."

I shook my head. "You're all wrong on that one, George. There's nothing like that. I don't know why he stayed. And remember . . . if he walked out on the Georgian he'll walk out of here, too, some day."

"Queerest guy I ever knew."

"He's got a dream," I said. "And dreams make you do queer things." Then I went out, too, to listen to Eddie play and to feel the thrill that always ended in a heartache.

A FEW hours later, when the Colonie was closing, Eddie asked me to go somewhere for a bite. But I suggested what I'd been wanting to all week: going up to my apartment for a rarebit. He said it was the best idea he'd heard in months.

While I fixed the rarebit, he relaxed all over the big lounge and told me what a tricky apartment I had. I knew it already, but it was nice to hear. Because I'd tried to put into the tiny rooms I could afford the ideas that Tom had made grow inside me. Most night-club singers live out of a suitcase, but I had to make a home; it was the only way I could keep my spirits even halfway up.

It was funny how Eddie took to the apartment—enthusiastically, just as if there weren't a million carbon copies of it. He ate the rarebit like it was a banquet, and kept records going on the phonograph, and looked through all my books.

"I'm having a lot of fun," he said. "But, you know . . . it's odd, finding you living in a place like this. I expected a gilt-edged lobby with potted palms and an elevator and an apartment good for nothing but French dolls and ice cubes."

I smiled, knowing what he meant. "I guess it's just my part of trying to make a dream come true," I said.

Eddie went over to the window and sat on the sill.

"It's one of those dreams, then," he said. "A man, a middle aisle, a flower girl . . ."

"Just one of those ordinary dreams," I said. "But not an ordinary man, Eddie. He was slim and he had black curls and a voice that made me tingle all over if he only said hello over the phone. He was sort of a poet and he had ideals. He wanted to write or teach or serve humanity some way. He went out to let the world know about him and make it a better world, too . . ."

"And what did he do?" Eddie asked.

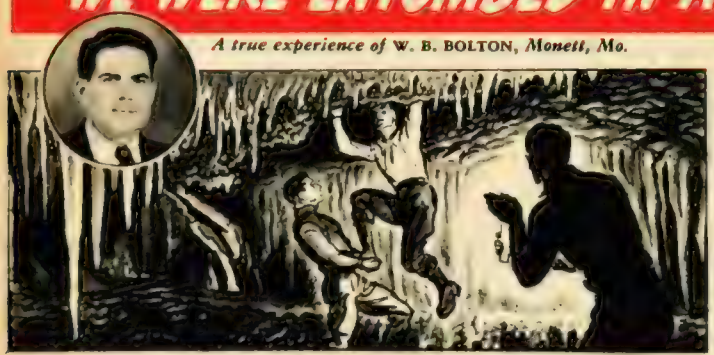
"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard. But I know he's doing wonderful things or trying hard to do wonderful things. And some day he'll come back and tell me all about it and make me part of it."

We didn't say anything for a while, till I remembered what Eddie had been talking about earlier. "You said you had a dream, Eddie."

He turned his head toward the

"WE WERE ENTOMBED IN A MOUNTAIN LABYRINTH!"

A true experience of W. B. BOLTON, *Monett, Mo.*



"A MYSTERIOUS 'MANHOLE' in the roof of an Ozark mountain cavern we were exploring intrigued us," writes Mr. Bolton. "With no sense of danger, we crept through the hole and into the inky darkness of a cave beyond. For hours, we explored.

"THEN TO OUR HORROR, we found that we were *lost!* Visions of searching parties finding our bones, months afterwards, flashed in my mind as we searched for the exit. The candles flickered out as the hours passed. Only the flashlight was left.

"AFTER SEVEN HOURS and a half of hideous searching, we came upon the exit to safety. We had found our way back to life again, thanks to our flashlight and its dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!

(Signed) W. B. Bolton"

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growing light outside and he seemed to be looking far away. "It's something like yours," he said. "There isn't a girl, though; there never has been. Maybe that's the trouble. I'm restless. I keep waiting for a reason to stay put, to sink my roots down and work for something. But it hasn't come along. All I want to do is play the piano, and I can't stand playing long in one place. I keep going, looking for something."

"Whatever you're looking for," I said, "it must be something big and great."

He shrugged. "I don't think so. It's probably something very simple and very real and very hard to find. Maybe a place like this with some one like you in it."

"You've never had any one who meant anything to you?" I asked.

"Nobody," he said. "Not even a mother and father since I can remember."

"Then maybe it's something simple, after all," I said.

"Maybe. But even if it's simple it's doggone elusive. It made me walk out of the Georgian, it'll make me walk out of the Colonie . . ."

"But you didn't walk out tonight."

Without looking at me, he stood up, stretching a little. "We're getting pretty well into tomorrow—and we'd better have an afternoon rehearsal. I don't think that spare-a-piano entrance is any too convincing yet."

At the door I said, "It helps to know there's a couple of dreams getting pushed around together. The law of averages ought to work for one of us, anyway."

Eddie's grin changed a little and his fingers were tight on my arm. "For you, I hope, April." Then he winked and said, "Now go dream about that rehearsal for a while. And be there."

But I never got to that rehearsal. Because an hour before it was scheduled I got a phone call from Tom.

HONEY," he said, "I was about to give up trying to find you."

It's a wonder I could hear him or even manage to say a word back, my heart was pumping so loud and so crazily. I must have repeated his name five or six times, making myself believe it was really Tom.

"Bet your sweet life it's me, honey," he said. "I'm in town for a couple of days, and I want to see you. Just happened to see your name in an ad for that Colonie place, and when I called 'em up they gave me your number."

"Thank heaven," I breathed. "If you hadn't found me . . . Oh, Tom, where will I see you? When?"

"Got to sing tonight?"

"Not if I can see you."

"Well"—he sounded like he was consulting a date book, and I felt a cold lump in the pit of my stomach—"I've got a convention dinner on, but I can drop up to your place afterward. How about it?"

"That's an awful long time away,

You'll like yeast this new way

JERRY: You've got a world of the old ziparoo today! Been eating yeast again?
HAZEL: No . . . drinking it! Fleischmann's Yeast in tomato juice is the most delicious drink of the year!

JERRY: I knew it! I recognize all the symptoms. I felt high, too, when I was eating yeast. But I never learned to like it.
HAZEL: Well, you can join our ranks again now, with pleasure and profit! Yeast in tomato juice has the flavor of oven-fresh bread, and mixes quickly. You can stay with it now . . . as people should do to get all the benefits.

JERRY: You're telling *me* about the benefits! I know what the authorities say is right: "Yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex."
HAZEL: Well, maybe you're not getting enough of these vitamins. Drink yeast first thing in the morning, last thing at night . . . Perhaps it will get you into the U.S.F.P., the Union of Swell-Feeling People!

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's *Fresh* Yeast

DRINK IT . . . TO YOUR HEALTH!

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Tom," I said, "but if it's the best you can do . . ."

He laughed. "Don't worry, honey, I'll ditch the dinner before the hot air starts. See you later . . . and have plenty of ice cubes!"

Nothing meant less to me right then than the Colonie, but I wasn't too far gone to phone and tell them I wouldn't be there. It was Eddie I talked to.

"I'm too excited to rehearse," I told him, "and I can't come tonight, anyway. *He's* going to be here."

"Tom," he said.

"Yes, Eddie, Tom. It's . . . oh, Eddie, it's simply . . ."

"I know," he said. He paused a long moment before he said very softly, "Looks like the law of averages is working out, April. All the best and"—he laughed a little—"I hope he likes the apartment as much as I did."

I should have known then—from what he said and how he said it—that something was hurting him. But there wasn't room in my mind for anything or any one but Tom.

Finally the long afternoon passed and I was getting ready. I gave myself an hour and a half to shower and get into my filmiest gown; it took forty minutes. I couldn't eat a thing. I couldn't stay with a book for over a paragraph. I turned my clocks to the wall so I'd be surprised when he came, but I was counting the minutes under my breath. And when I heard those steps climbing up I had the door open and was waiting on the landing.

Three steps away, two, and then into his arms. For a long, long time I held my lips against his and I thought, *This is everything I've wanted since the beginning of time.*

But suddenly I was backing away from him and smiling uncertainly. I didn't know what it was—the unfamiliar moistness of his mouth, maybe, the softness in arms that had been so strong and insistent.

"Glad to see me, h'm-m-m, honey?" Tom said, leading me into the apartment.

I was wrong about the strangeness; of course I was wrong. I hugged his arm to my side and smiled up at him. "You know how glad I am, Tom," I said.

"Good!" He sat down and took a bottle out of a bag. "Best whisky they sell, honey."

I sat on the chair arm, wanting to run my fingers through his hair, yet holding back. Maybe because the curls were gone; they were slicked flat to cover the thinning spot on top of his head.

"You shouldn't have spent so much on liquor," I said.

He shrugged expansively. "Why not? I'm in the money. Southeastern sales manager for Premier Plating, y'know. I'm figuring on picking up a thousand-buck bonus at this convention, too."

"No writing, Tom?" I asked. "No teaching, no serving the world?"

He laughed; a long, loud laugh. "Kidding me, honey? Think I wouldn't grow out of that head-in-the-clouds stuff? There's money in this world, honey, and Tommy's going after a great big piece of it!" He patted my shoulder, letting his hand rest there for a moment—and it didn't feel right.

"I'll mix you a drink," I said.

I went out to the kitchen, and while I mixed a highball for him I could watch him. He wasn't slim any more, and his eyes weren't eager and intense. He looked too well fed, too secure, and—well, a little greedy. Something was twisting at my insides; I was getting that same ache Eddie's music always left me with—when I felt that my dream wasn't ever coming true.

While I stirred the highball I saw him take an idle look around the room as if it were like a million other rooms he'd looked around—as if he couldn't see me in it, couldn't see all the things we'd talked of once: the yellow curtains, the dog's-head etchings, the music box, the three-foot candles on the mantel. . . .

He lit a fat cigar and blew the smoke right at the antique quill on the writing desk. He'd always wanted one of those—"To sign my manuscripts with a flourish!" Through

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the smoke he peered in at me. "How we doing, honey?"

I came out and gave him the drink.

"Where's yours?" he asked.

"I'm not up to one right now," I said.

He winked. "Be taking 'em in your stride before the night's over, honey."

He took a long swallow, and then I waited for what I still thought I wanted to hear: how much he'd missed me; how he'd waited for this moment; what happiness we'd find together. I wanted him to ask me if I'd been true, so I could lift my head proudly and tell him I had. But there was none of that. He moved close to me on the sofa and kissed my throat; and I didn't like it. Once there hadn't been enough of his kisses—but these kisses were different.

He narrowed his eyes when I shifted away. "Now look, honey, you don't have to be that way with me. I've been around and you've been around. How many years in the night-club business?"

I sat still and looked past him.

"Just playing hard to get, maybe," he said.

I shook my head. "I'd be the easiest girl in the world to get," I said, "for the Tom I thought was coming."

He set his glass down and frowned at me. "Listen. I don't know what kind of a young dope you expected me to be, but the Tom who came in tonight is a guy who can fix things for you right." He waved a soft hand around the room. "Put you up in a place with class."

I guess that was the straw, because I suddenly couldn't take it any more. I got up and went to the door and opened it. "I'm sorry, Tom, but I've got to go to work. You'll have to leave."

His face looked like a swollen beet and he didn't say a word till he was going through the door. "This means I'll never come back," he said.

I nodded. "That's what I meant."

I went back to the kitchen and poured his whisky down the sink, and all the time I was waiting for it to come . . . the breakdown, the tears, the throwing myself across the bed and wondering if I'd ever have the courage to go on with my life. But nothing happened. Nothing, that is, but a quick phoning for a taxi. I wanted to get to the Colonie. I wanted to see Eddie. Terribly.

MY costume," Eddie said—"and my going-away clothes."

He was standing at the edge of the floor at the Colonie, wearing his shabby suit. I was holding onto his arm, still breathless from running all around trying to find him—still not sure of just what to say to him.

"You can't leave, Eddie," I said.

"Guess I've got to, April," he said. "I'm going up there and play a little, and then I'm walking out the way I came in. Thanks for sparing the piano for a while." He wasn't

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bitter. He just looked and sounded lost and unhappy.

I must have hurt his arm, the way I was grasping it. "No, Eddie," I said; "you're staying. You . . ."

"You don't understand," he said. "You don't know what a coincidence this is. You came down here to tell me you've found Tom, and I was going to tell you this afternoon that I'd found you."

"You're the one who doesn't understand," I said.

And then he waited for me to go on, and I couldn't. I couldn't say, "Something happened along the way to the man I loved, so I've come back to you." Eddie wouldn't be a second choice, no matter how much he wanted me; and I didn't know how to make him see it wasn't like that. All I could do was hold onto him the tighter, as if somehow he'd hear my heart through my fingers.

And presently he smiled at me and took his arm away and walked across the floor to his piano. The lights were dark except for the spotlight.

He began to play, and I got the pain of his music full force. But Tom didn't come into it. It was Eddie, all Eddie, and I didn't know what to do about it. When he finished he'd get up and go out the door. I dreaded when the music would end.

I closed my eyes, but now it wasn't remembering a dream. I was hating myself for the mess I'd made of things, clinging to something that was dead and couldn't come back. I hadn't known how dead my young dream was, but that didn't keep me from wanting to undo everything I'd done—to turn time back and make myself come to the rehearsal and hear what Eddie had wanted to say.

Suddenly I couldn't hear the music any more because of the talking. Loud talking from a table near me. The light was dim there, but I could make out four men, and they were tight and annoying every one around and spoiling Eddie's music.

"What's he got Duchin hasn't got two of?" one of them yelled. And another half sang, "Some in rags, some in tags . . ."

And then I knew; it was Tom.

Maybe I shouldn't have gone over there, but I couldn't help it; even if I knew that was just what he wanted. I went to his chair and put one hand on his shoulder. "Why did you have to come here, Tom?" I asked as steadily as I could.

He reared his head back and blinked up at me. He was terribly tight. "It's the torch singer!" he blurted. "And what a cute little scene with the boy friend! That's just what I came to see. Can't outfigure Tommy, honey."

His pals were getting a big kick out of it, and other people were leaning out from their tables. I wasn't scared now; I was mad. "You'd better get out quick," I said, "before you're thrown out."

"Who by?" He was laughing now. "That corny tramp up there? Think he's pretty hot, don't you, because he's in the public eye or something. Well, maybe he won't think *you* look so good in the public eye, honey."

He lurched to his feet, intent on making a fool of me in front of everybody. He started to put an arm around me, and I let him have it—a good sharp slap across his red face.

He staggered for just a moment, and then he was after me again. But Eddie was there, too quick, with George right after him. Eddie took Tom by the throat and started shaking him. At the same time one of Tom's pals was up and swinging a bottle at Eddie's head.

I heard the crash, and then—for all my hard-boiled femininity—I fainted.

SOMEBODY was bathing my head with a cool wet rag, and through the haze I said, "Eddie?"

"Nope. Just your boss." It was George, leaning over me and looking worried.

I managed a weak grin. "I'm not hurt," I said; "just ashamed of myself. But Eddie?"

"He's coming out of it," George said. I followed his nod across the office, and there was poor Eddie, stretched on the leather couch, with a head bandage like a turban.

George took another searching look at me before he winked and straightened up. "I've got urgent business somewhere, I know." And when he went out I noticed, with excusable satisfaction, that his knuckles were well skinned.

I knelt by Eddie. He turned his head and grinned. "Pretty thick skull, I guess." He clucked his tongue. "That temper of yours! But it's what fascinated me from the start, so I can't kick."

"I'm glad I let it loose," I said. "Now you can't get away."

"You still don't understand, do you?" He paused. "Look . . . I found my dream—falling in love with you, having a reason to stay somewhere the rest of my life and like it. You found yours: Tom coming back. It just happens that the two dreams didn't get together. And it's O. K., April. Maybe it's best."

"Eddie," I said, "the man I slapped was Tom."

He stared at me, then took hold of my hand. "I'm sorry, April. I thought the dream had worked out."

"It did," I said. "He was the beginning; you're the ending. You're what I wanted all the time, because you're the way Tom should have turned out and couldn't. Maybe you understand now."

"I understand," he said. "Two dreams—one dream."

I put my fingertips gently to his lips and nodded. "Just one, Eddie."

He relaxed on his pillow, smiling. "I think I'm going under again. . . . But before I do . . . lady, could you spare a kiss?"

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AT one time or another nearly all of the columnists from Mr. Hearst's Winchell to Women's Wear's Schneider have written something about the stage performances of Dell O'Dell, sleight-of-hand artist, conjuress, etc., known to theatrical folk as the world's leading lady magician. Dell's ma and pa were a vaudeville team; her husband, Charles Carrer, is a juggler. So Dell, you see, is a real trouper from way back. I am not going to write about the smooth, perfect polish of her entertainment. It's wonderful, but all of it has been written up before. What hasn't been told is the story of how she tries every new trick out on invited audiences of neighborhood kids in the *Magic Room* of her home at Woodside, Long Island. "When I succeed in fooling the youngsters," says Dell, "I am certain I can bamboozle their fathers at banquets and business conventions, where most of my engagements take place."

On her Woodside estate she raises all the rabbits she pulls out of hats, all the ducks and pigeons she discovers under business men's coattails. Her animal farm has to cope with a formidable demand, in view of the fact that she often is called upon to give several shows an evening. Ordinarily I am not a fan for practical jokes, but Dell's scheme to cure her husband of excess smoking fascinates me. She litters their home with explosive cigars, damp matches, and acrobatic ash trays that flop their contents into dear hubby's lap. How she gets away with it is beyond me. What would happen to *us* if we played such pranks on *our* men?

☆ An American type that amused Europe vastly in former years was the tourist who looked upon Old World wonders and said, "Yes, yes—but we've got better than that back home." At a recent dinner I talked with French author Jules Romains, now pretty much of a social lion here. Asked about his California and Florida impressions, he said, "*Oui, oui—mais nous avons mieux que cela chez nous*"—which can be translated by repeating the words of the tourist quoted above. On the subject of food, however, M. Romains was enthusiastic. While he hands no bouquets to our shrimps or oysters, he is eloquent in praise of our oranges and grapefruit, our ice creams and pies, particularly lemon meringue. But our milk is his greatest delight. With true Latin ecstasy he kissed his fingers—ah, madame!—to the excellence of American milk.

☆ Nourishing milk desserts are always popular for filling out meals in Lent. This *Banana Cream Pudding*, of African origin, is substantial as well as delicious. . . . Cook ¾ cup Cream of Wheat in 3 cups sweetened milk. When thick, flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Stir in 1 egg yolk, then add 2 tablespoons finely chopped almonds and 1 cup thin slices of banana. Put to set in cool mold lightly oiled. Chill at least 4 hours.

Serve accompanied by sliced bananas mixed with raspberry sauce.

☆ Interesting letter from Bishop Logan Herbert Roots, who lives now in San Francisco after working forty-two years in China for the Episcopal Church. He tells me the Missionary Mailbag radio program, which I mentioned some weeks ago, is listened to regularly by Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her husband, the general. Physician in charge of a hospital in Japanese-occupied China, Bishop Roots' son, Dr. Logan Roots, depends on the Mailbag program for much of his contact with America, his father says. Since referring to the program I have received dozens of communications from friends and relatives of missionaries. If you have a short-wave radio you can tune it in Sunday mornings, 5 A. M., Pacific Standard Time, on 9670 kilocycles or 31.02 meters.

☆ A gold or silver locket with the boy's name and girl's name engraved inside is the newest jewelry sentiment now that so many boys are going off to camp. Wear a book-shaped locket if he's just a pal; heart-shaped if *that's* the way you feel about him.

☆ With an exasperatingly logical turn of mind, a high-school girl of my acquaintance has wrought havoc among those of her mother's women friends who believe in horoscopes. Because astrologers admit they can't cast a reliable horoscope unless told the exact time of the subject's birth, and because moments of birth weren't recorded precisely until babies began to be born in hospitals, the girl argues—she's *much* too sharp, I think — that home-born people, which includes most of us around middle age, stand a slim chance of having their true fate interpreted from the stars. Were you born at home? Are you sure anybody remembers the time to the very dot?

"Now, now—mustn't snatch!"

READING TIME 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

Stones were thrown at the train windows in many places.

Madame C

The Story of Magda Lupescu and King Carol

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

NATIONAL Defense."
"Public Works."

These slogans, which are supposed to be associated only with most altruistic and patriotic aims, were, according to Carol's and Magda's enemies, merely the smoke screens for Magda's plan for "making as much money as possible within the shortest time."

Rumania's Maginot Line, the so-called "Carol's Line," which was surrendered without the firing of a shot when Hungary took over Transylvania, was said to be a tragic example of shoddy construction at huge expense, involving large sums of graft which went into somebody's pocket.

What has been called the "face-lifting" process to which the capital city of Bucharest was suddenly subjected required even more enormous investments of government funds.

The royal palace on the Calea Victoriei acquired two huge wings which necessitated the demolition of many existing structures and the expenditure of still further money in wholesale condemnation proceedings. For a time demolition bade fair to exceed construction as a possible means of profit through shady transactions, especially when it was decided to tear down whole blocks around the palace to create a new Royal Square extending for more than a quarter of a mile.

Minor undertakings at government expense have also come to light, according to recent dispatches, such as a royal hunting lodge costing over three quarters of a million dollars, and royal stables costing more than two million dollars. The walls of the latter were reportedly lined with mirrors and the floors constructed of richly colored glazed earthenware; each groom enjoyed a three-room electrically heated apartment, and the presumably quite bewildered horses were required to repose on expensive mattresses.

The popular suspicion that Magda Lupescu was profiting by this sudden splurge of government spending was not lessened by the fact that one cousin was supposed to be the silent partner of the contracting firm engaged in remodeling the palace and its surroundings, and that a brother and uncle were also alleged to be silent partners in other firms of government contractors.

Meanwhile, Ernest Urdareanu, the King's former A. D. C. and later Lord Chamberlain, resigned from the army to become what one of Magda's intimates called "Carol's and Madame Lupescu's business agent." This Urdareanu seems to have played a fairy-godmother role in the romance of Carol and Magda. He it was who brought the lovers together. Now, apparently, he was to assist in the accumulation of their fortune. Later he was to act as master of ceremonies during their spectacular flight.

So close was this dashing young officer to Madame Lupescu that, according to one of our informants, himself a Rumanian noble, "People said in Bucharest that Magda was secretly married to Ernest Urdareanu, who is a good-looking fellow, short but with large shoulders, in his middle thirties, much appreciated by women. He was supposed to be the best friend in Bucharest of Madame Lupescu, and was always seen in her company when she made her rare appearances in public. Urdareanu was just as greedy for money as his master. The best paid and most lucrative positions in financial and industrial life were soon within his grasp, and the annual income from his various posts amounted to many millions of lei."

Another person very close to Magda adds that "Thanks to Urdareanu's clever manipulations and to Lupescu's keen business sense, Carol accumulated within a short time a vast fortune which was deposited in foreign countries under fictitious names." But the only part of this alleged money-making campaign in which Carol is said to have participated personally is described by this same intimate as follows:

"Every Thursday evening there was a poker party in Madame's house. The players were usually Carol, Max Auschnit, the wealthy industrialist, Jon Malaxa, another financial magnate, and Urdareanu. The banker Aristide Blank was also a frequent player. For chips they used gold coins. I was the only non-player who was allowed to be present at these card parties, and often I overheard important business discussions. Of course I did not understand

much of it, but I observed that a strange change had come over the King lately. He became so greedy for money and so avaricious that the poker parties with his rich friends often degenerated into cheap brawls.

"One of the gambling quarrels was the origin of the feud between the King and Auschnit. Carol suspected that Auschnit was double-crossing him in business and finally had him arrested."

But Carol's and Magda's campaign for financial security could not hold out much longer. Carol, who had temporarily saved Rumania from complete annihilation by yielding Transylvania to Hungary and Bessarabia to Russia, was now openly blamed for these surrenders. His popularity waned so rapidly that the Iron Guardists within and the Hitlerites without were soon able to make him give up first his dictatorial powers and then his throne. Finally, and much to Magda's relief, came the decision to flee the country.

"Magda was virtually a prisoner in her own house," stated a member of her household. "The street was surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. Machine guns were hidden in bushes and behind the trees of the park. For more than a month the staff was not allowed to leave the Lupescu mansion. Even the King's visits to Madame ceased, and they communicated only through the telephone, and guardedly. Nobody could be trusted because the Nazi agents penetrated even into the royal palace, and also the telephone lines were tapped by Iron Guard specialists. Carol's own bodyguard kept watch over Madame day and night, and a bulletproof limousine was kept in readiness for any emergency.

"On the night of September 5 we received word to pack.

"Urdareanu came in an armored car at eleven o'clock in the night and said that at six the next morning a special train would be ready for us at the Cotroceni [Codrocene] station. Urdareanu was very excited when he told Magda that the situation was very serious, and that the King was conferring behind closed doors with General Ion Antonescu. He also told her that he had just left the palace when crowds marched in front of the palace shouting:

"'Down with the traitor and his mistress! Don't let them leave the country with their money.'

"Out of a passing motorcar shots were fired through the palace gates. Urdareanu's car was stopped by demonstrators, and only his chauffeur's stepping on the gas saved him from being lynched by the throng.

"Magda packed only her most valuable possessions, but nevertheless she filled eighteen large trunks. Her four dogs—a Pekingese, a Pomeranian, a Scotch terrier, and an Alsatian—were also taken."

Eighteen trunks and four dogs may seem like a rather sumptuous outfit for one who had every reason for "traveling light," but it was a mere trifle compared with what His Majesty took with him—three automobiles and thirty trunkloads of miscellaneous valuables, including four Rembrandts, his stamp and china collections, and, of course, his money.

Before sunrise the armored car came again to take Madame and her dogs to the station. Her butler and maid followed with the baggage in an army truck. The police and soldiers had trouble breaking up shouting crowds who were threateningly pushing the guards against the vehicles. But at last the King's mistress and her servants and her dogs reached the station, where an eleven-car train of armored, bulletproof cars was standing with steam up.

The King, nervously chewing a long cigarette holder, was already on board. So were Urdareanu and about thirty palace officials and Carol sympathizers. These, with Magda's little group, made up the train's company—and we are fortunate enough to have from one of these "passengers" a firsthand description of that strange flight:

"Our trip through Rumania was a nightmare. We expected to be blown up any minute. The armored railroad cars were similar to those used by Hitler and Mussolini, and although a chief engineer of the Rumanian State Railroads supervised the two engineers on the locomotive, we all were scared of the possibility of treason which would deliver Carol, Madame, and Urdareanu into the hands of the Iron Guards.

"Instead of cheering crowds our train was greeted by spiteful catcalls and boos in the stations through which we passed without stopping. Stones were thrown at the windows in many places, and as we passed through the station of Timisoara, our train suspiciously slowed down. Suddenly gunfire was heard and bullets hit the armored plate of the cars.

"Several windows were broken. We had to lie down on the floor. When the firing became more intense, Urdareanu and Madame Lupescu's butler rushed with revolvers in their hands to the engine car to find out why the train had slowed down. Later, after we had passed safely across the Yugoslavian border, we were told that the engineers were Iron Guard accomplices who, on a given signal, tried to stop the train in order to surrender us to the Nazis. Only the chief engineer's loyalty and later the pluck of Urdareanu and his companion could force them to change their minds."

At Jimbolia, the last stop, Carol distributed largess to the members of the train crew to the extent of approximately two dollars a member. One brakeman is said to have refused the tip.

To avoid violent outbreaks among the Italian populace rather than out of affection for the fleeing pro-British monarch, Benito Mussolini sent a pilot train to guide Carol and his entourage to the Swiss border. And that evening, like any other well-to-do tourists, Carol and Magda sat down in full evening dress to dinner in a fashionable Lugano hotel overlooking the lake, and after being duly snapped by candid-camera news photographers, lingered over their choice viands, wines, and liqueurs until after ten o'clock.

From Switzerland they are supposed to have applied to Marshal Pétain at Vichy for permission to settle down on the French Riviera. The old marshal, however, had troubles enough of his own without taking on any of the Rumanian variety. So the fugitives sought and gained uncertain sanctuary in General Franco's realm.

Luxuriously quartered in the lovely cities of Granada and Seville, and separated by many hundred miles and many national boundary lines from the clamoring Rumanian rioters, the lot of Carol and his mistress

Peril and flight, and the future: What lies ahead for this pair of star-crossed lovers?

mpadour of Rumania

might now seem to be an enviable one. But back in Bucharest, the Nazi-controlled government of Premier Antonescu had been busying itself with investigations. Presently it was making representations to the government of General Franco which were to prove most embarrassing to the royal party.

Semiofficial spokesmen indicated that the Franco government would probably permit the extradition at least of Urdareanu and Lupescu. Meanwhile, although Carol and his two companions were subjected to what has come to be known as "genteel detainment" or "hotel arrest," chaotic conditions, which broke out in Rumania soon after the King's abdication and flight, seem to have stayed the hand of General Franco.

These conditions, which resulted in the murder of sixty-four prominent Carolists—including our old friend Secret Service Commander Moruzoff and Carol's old tutor, former Premier Jorga—indicated even to the Nazi agents, who had brought them about, that the nation was getting out of hand.

Mother Nature, as if outraged by the deeds of men which she beheld, now shook Rumania with a succession of earthquakes, reportedly within one point of the highest intensity known since the invention of instruments capable of measuring such upheavals; and in the wake of the earthquakes, which destroyed thousands of people and millions of dollars' worth of property, came the winter blizzards which annually convert the average Rumanian highway into an almost impassable morass.

Newspaper correspondents returning from the Balkans reported the formation of a Free Rumania movement similar to General de Gaulle's Free France. And also defections from the Iron Guard itself led by influential Guardists disillusioned by German "protection" and tired of playing the role of Nazi stooges. Increasing dissatisfaction among the Rumanian rank and file also threatened to complicate a situation in which it was rather difficult for the outside world to determine what *was* the government of Rumania.

CONFUSION became chaos when, by Hitler's orders, Rumania went into an all-out news blackout. Telephone and telegraph wires were cut. Radio transmitters were destroyed. Departures from the country, except under strict Nazi supervision, were forbidden. Rumania became isolated from the world.

To Carol and Magda, drawn closer than ever to each other by the exigencies of their second exile, all this bad news was good news. In the situation which had developed, it was most unlikely that General Franco would deliver Carol or Carol's "Duduie" to their enemies, since it was becoming increasingly apparent that those enemies might have grabbed hold of the wrong end of the Rumanian stick. Abrupt halting of the Axis plans for Balkan and Mediterranean control as a result of the Italian debacles in Greece and Libya also must surely give Franco pause. In short, the odds now favored a Spanish refusal to extradite any member of the Rumanian party.

The prospect of Franco's being willing to let Carol and Magda get away to a neutral land or one at war with the Axis Powers was more remote. Such a solution might be interpreted by Friend Adolf as an undesirable outcome from the Nazi point of view; and so long as there remained a chance of the pendulum of war again swinging Hitler's way, the Spanish Generalissimo was loath to let the lovers out of his sight.

That the long delay irked Carol, who was accustomed to having his own way, goes without saying. A dispatch from Lisbon published in the London Daily Express quotes the royal exile as follows:

"I am desperate. If I do not get a favorable reply to my application to leave Spain tomorrow, I will go on a hunger strike."

ASSUMING that the Spanish dictator does decide to let the Rumanian pair make their getaway, speculation is in order as to the lovers' probable destination.

When they first arrived in Spain, they had intended to cross the border at once into still neutral Portugal, and from that vantage point of comparative safety open negotiations to find out what country, if any, would receive them. A castle near Lisbon had been prepared for their comfort during their Portuguese visit. It is quite probable that long before these words appear, this plan may have been carried out. They may not only have reached Portugal but may have left it.

So far, only two countries are known to have offered Carol and Magda residence. One, curiously enough, is Germany, which has suggested that Carol set up his somewhat irregular household in one of the German-controlled countries, possibly Belgium or Holland. This proposal from the standpoint of the royal lovers would involve jumping from the Franco frying pan into the Hitler fire. The other nation to evince interest in the Rumanian refugees is little Cuba, which might be glad, as an added feature of its annual fiestas in Havana, to present the King of Rumania and his almost-queen as a tourist attraction.

England might receive Carol and Magda, but only for reasons of expediency. The Churchill government has shown itself rather friendly to the idea of setting up in London *de facto* governments, sometimes called "governments in exile," which it can continue to recognize and which it would be able, in the event of a British victory, to re-establish as potential allies in the countries now overrun by Hitler's hordes.

The question of the United States' attitude is quite another thing. With certain exceptions, we have always had "Welcome" on our gangplank mats for well known European visitors; but those exceptions have been notable. Some may remember the embarrassing difficulties encountered by a distinguished Russian novelist, and later by a well known British countess.

The case of Carol and Magda would seem to come under the statute in the United States immigration laws which forbids the entrance into this country of those guilty of moral turpitude.

Whether such laws might be waived or altered in the case of an itinerant king would, I should think, be a matter for Congress to decide. Perhaps as you read these words it has already decided it. At this writing, however, the sentiment expressed among the back-home constituents of our representatives would hardly seem to approve of any such winking at infractions of the moralities. I give you a typical editorial excerpt from a typical American newspaper, the Arizona Republic:

> Unconfirmed reports from Budapest indicate that former King Carol of Rumania and his companion, Madame Magda Lupescu, have fled from Spain and are en route to the United States. If this is true, the arrival in this country of the famous or "notorious" pair will raise quite a few immigration complications. The immigration authorities will be faced with the question of giving them admittance or not. Judging from past rulings in similar cases, it is not likely that they will be given full permission to enter the United States.

PERHAPS, however, America's militant morality would be appeased if Carol arrived alone in the United States.

Such a scheme would enable the ex-King to establish contacts with his financial representatives in America, who, informed Rumanians have told me, have been entrusted with the investment of a considerable portion of his fortune in American securities.

Carol, if he performs according to the usual routine of the international set now resident in this country, would undoubtedly spend some months of the year in Miami and Palm Beach, from which centers of joy Nassau and hospitable Havana are only brief airplane jumps.

But none of these devices may be necessary. Carol and Magda may fool us yet. Looking back on the whole melodramatic story of their life and love, we must admit that it resembles more closely the celluloid realization of a scenario writer's dream than it does anything which could conceivably have happened in actuality in the twentieth century.

And perhaps—who knows?—the drama will end as so many Hays-office-approved cinematic dramas do end, with the discovery that the lovers were married all the time!

THE END

Ideal for mine sweepers: some of the tuna fishing craft at Los Angeles.

ARE CALIFORNIA'S JAPANESE "FISHERMEN" LICKED AT LAST?

BY JIM MEDFORD

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The stirring story of how a danger in the Pacific has been turned into a defense

WHATEVER may have been Japan's hopes for a fifth column operating through the Japanese fishing fleets off the coast of southern California, Uncle Sam has stolen a march. If Japan based any hopes for aid from this source in anti-American moves, she is in for a disappointment.

Naval Intelligence officers, canning companies, and fishermen's organizations co-operated in swift moves, and the result has been a classification and assignment of the vessels for quick mobilization into an auxiliary unit of the United States fleet.

At the word of command, these vessels, of which some operations have long been under fire as a spy menace—3,200 vessels directly in the fishing fleet manned by 6,724 fishermen and 1,610 other boats manned by 4,197 fishermen—are ready for service against an enemy.

These vessels, regardless of size, fish in fleets, never singly. At all times the American-manned vessels are on hand in overwhelming numbers to handle any emergency, should it arise. Further, long association with the Japanese fishermen, the majority of whom have been so engaged from fifteen to thirty-five years, has made every American fisherman intimately acquainted with their character and traits.

All fishing vessels put to sea under every possible weather condition and slog their way through rough seas with decks awash, due to the weight of the catch packed in ice. They must be of extremely heavy construction to stand up under the strain.

This important feature, necessary in any dead-weight-loaded vessel, plus their heavy-duty Diesel power, makes the 70- to 85-foot purse seiners ideal for navy mine sweepers. This is attested by the navy's purchase of fourteen at an average price of $45,000 apiece, according to the announcement made by Rear Admiral Charles A. Blakely, Commandant of the 11th Naval District at San Diego.

This is parallel to the purchase on the East Coast of numerous large trawlers formerly operating out of Boston for a similar service. Like their New England cousins, the West Coast purse seiners are "made to order" because of their handy size, new condition, and fine crews' quarters. With the removal of the net turntable, the whole afterpart of the boat is clear of obstruction. There's also a stout mast and boom for handling mines or other heavy objects. There's ample space for light gun mountings, too.

Dual one-man controls are provided for the handling of the vessel either from topside or wheelhouse. This releases all hands, except the quartermaster, for other duties.

But the tuna clippers are in a class by themselves. In no other place in the world are there gathered so many grand specimens of the boatbuilder's art as in the $10,000,000 tuna-fishing fleet based at San Pedro and San Diego harbors, the front yard of the United States Pacific Fleet.

Over a period of time these yacht-like 120-footers, and upward, have become larger, more powerful, and more expensive, with the carrying capacity and sea qualifications of the finest navy-designed ship. The tuna fleet, in this era of preparedness, is a ready-made auxiliary for Uncle Sam that would take years to duplicate; manned and equipped for rapid change-over into war vessels second to none of their size; built for going places—and coming back.

Distance had to be carefully considered in designing these vessels because each year tuna range farther south. Fuel capacity is augmented in these cargo carriers by using the bait tanks for additional fuel storage outward bound to the fishing grounds. Thus many extra hundreds of cruising miles are added to the clipper's range at no extra expense. In fact, it saves the buying of high-priced fuel in foreign ports. With the removal of the heavy bait tanks from the clipper's stern, the large afterdecks are ready for the mounting of any naval gear.

Diesel-powered, carrying 10,000 to

30,000 gallons of fuel oil for 6,000 to 8,000 miles cruising, these vessels are designed and constructed to cruise always under load They have a tonnage capacity of 150 to 350 tons and accommodations for twelve to twenty men in quarters complete with the most modern bunk fixtures, a large galley, including oil-burning range, refrigerator, and plenty of stores space for long voyages.

Long-range radiophones in charge of federal-licensed American operators are on every clipper, and this license must be renewed every five years—it was formerly every three—and these boys are already "Uncle Sam's nephews," war or no war. Many hold first-class tickets, though second-class is enough and all that is really required.

WITH an average day range of 500 miles on 18 meters, and 1,000 miles on 36 meters by night, with cases on record of talking with San Francisco from off Panama, a distance of 3,242 miles, the tuna clipper is truly the eyes and ears of Uncle Sam on the Pacific Coast.

These clipper ships are all owned and captained by Americans. A long series of dubious activities and statements of policy by Japan led to the precautionary mobilization plan. Not the least of these is in the often denied Tanaka Memorial presented thirteen years ago to the Japanese Emperor by Prime Minister Baron Tanaka: "In the future, if we wish to control China the primary move is to crush the United States." Magdalena Bay, on the morning of August 1, 1935, set the stage for the first real unmasking of what lay behind Baron Tanaka's challenge. Menaced by the guns of a Mexican Coast Guard cutter that patrolled the open way to the sea, fifteen tuna clippers of American registry rode at anchor, in custody because of some minor infringement of Mexico's constantly changing fishing regulations. A command came from the cutter's commandant for all vessels to display their national colors. Fifteen pieces of colored bunting rippled into position, and the Stars and Stripes identified seven of the fleet as United States craft.

Eight vessels, out of California ports and of American registry flaunted from their halyards—the blood-red sun, on a white field, of Japan! Just an incident? But what of this one a year later—August, 1936? The Japanese steel tuna-fishing vessel Amano, out of the Island Empire direct to Panama, manned by Japanese citizen fishermen and flying the Panamanian flag, changed her course in mid-Pacific to put into Ensenada, Mexico, for "bait and anchorage" license. Departing, she fished fifty tons of tuna, then circled back for discharge in San Diego. Dock records show she then cleared for her original destination, Panama.

No law can control such incidents as these, but in the event of war they would be effectively controlled and dealt with by the tuna-fishing fleet. These patriotic young men, used to the hardships of fishing and entirely familiar with the waters of the Pacific Ocean near the United States' West Coast, would have no difficulty in locating and capturing any or all of these potential enemies. The tuna-fishing fleet has already been of great assistance to Naval Intelligence in spotting and observing the operation of these vessels.

Big Japanese shrimp fishers and packer boats, many of them larger than the biggest southern California tuna clipper and manned entirely by Japanese, many of whom were naval officers and spies reporting directly to the Japanese government, annually spent months on Mexico's west coast. They apparently were innocent, industrious fishermen interested only in taking shrimp.

"The Japanese . . . after leaving the navy, work in the fishing industry . . . there are Japanese reservists in any fleet flying the Japanese flag or controlled by Japanese," the Imperial Government admitted to the press, April 8, 1939.

Mexico's friendly attitude toward the Japanese, so definitely well established, made it very evident that the interchange of crew members and officers with Mexican resident Japanese was an unquestionably simple matter. These men could then make their way to an American port where, under the Seaman Act, they were acceptable as crew members aboard American vessels putting in to get fishermen because of the prevalent shortage of good men.

An American vessel on arriving in southern California could have discharged the alien fishermen, who are permitted under the Seaman Act to remain in the country for sixty days. If these men did not ship out within the sixty days they could return to Mexico by any means, thus completing the cycle.

These men could then return to the country for another sixty days, and what safer or more efficient manner could be developed for espionage? However, a Pacific Coast canner in co-operation with the Mexican government has taken over these shrimp fisheries and they will hereafter be fished by Mexicans, and the Japanese menace has been eliminated.

In addition, the Naval Intelligence, fully informed of these subversive activities and investigating with the utmost secrecy, struck at the alien-owned craft illegally registered in the names of American-born Japanese, and on December 18, 1937, United States Attorney Harrison of Los Angeles checked the Mikado's sons by filing libel-of-information suits against alien-owned craft illegally registered in the names of American-born Japanese.

Two notable cases were the Nancy Hanks and the Three Star. Registered in the name of Masaki Kuwabara, they were proved to be owned by alien Japanese—the Nancy Hanks by Y. Suzika and the Three Star by S. Nakagawa, both citizens of Japan.

This marked the beginning of public federal action against alien ownership of American fishing vessels which has never ceased, and on February 1, 1938, the Republic of Panama struck a decisive blow at all alien fishermen by issuing a decree, as part of canal defense, excluding them from fishing in Panamanian territorial waters. Momentum to the anti-alien movement was further stimulated by the American Legion at their annual convention on September 19, 1938, when they passed a resolution and instructed their committee to request Congress to enact legislation to preserve our fisheries for United States citizens. But the first definitely constructive move in legislation came from Congressman Harry R. Sheppard of California on January 29, 1940. He prepared a bill requiring that not less than 75 per cent of any United States fishing-vessel crew be American citizens.

ON May 28, 1940, Chairman S. O. Bland of the House committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries prepared a bill boosting the percentage to 90, and on September 30, the House passed a bill with this feature. It went to the Senate, where on October 1 it was read twice and referred to the Committee on Commerce for their consideration and action. An important clause of this act provides that aliens employable in the 10 per cent allowance must have been law-abiding residents of the United States continuously since July 1, 1925.

While these important anti-alien bills were being considered in Congress, the California tuna clipper Yvonne-Louise, in command of Captain Louis Cammillo, 200 miles off the western entrance to the Panama Canal, was halted under the exposed guns of a hostile raider but allowed to proceed on display of the American flag. About the same time, off the Galapagos Islands, the clipper Prospect was also halted and, from Captain Al Good's description, the vessel was the same one encountered by Captain Cammillo. In both cases the marauder remained at sufficient distance to cloak her identity.

"Any hostile action taken against Japan in the Pacific by the United States . . . will be met by . . . Japan. . . . This might give America pause," commented the Japan Times of September 28, 1940, the day of Japanese Premier Prince Fumimaro Konoye's speech on the new alliance with Germany and Italy.

This unmuffled challenge from the usually authoritative Japan Times received its answer when, two days later, the House passed the alien restriction Fisheries Bill.

Further, under a plan worked out with national and California officials co-operating with the tuna-fishing industry, government authorities believe any menace from this source has been effectively checked.

THE END

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

AS one sarge to another, I thought you would like to look over Hickam Highlights, a weekly paper put out by the boys at this post.

Sergeant, Hickam Field, Hawaii.

Congratulations on a real swell paper. Twenty-six pages packed with newsy stuff, humor, and swell drawings, all done on a mimeograph. Every post ought to have one. One very interesting item: Report on the post camera club. Seems they take regular field trips and have exhibitions of prize prints. Good idea for other camps.

Just to report on the health situation here. The medical care is really excellent. For instance, thirty-six ruptured appendixes in one year—no fatalities. The average stay in hospital for influenza is one day. About 5,000 of us are quarantined now because of 27 cases of measles, 16 cases of scarlet fever, and 3 cases of diphtheria—far fewer than the average city of 20,000.

Our chief causes of griping are mud, lack of recreational facilities, and short order uniforms. But then, we wake up every morning to find so many new buildings that we don't recognize the place.

Corporal, Chanute Field, Ill.

Thanks for report. Old Sarge gathers that medical attention is good all over the country—one of the brightest spots in the tough job of getting the camps under way.

In re your letter and remarks on Garand rifle. As one who qualified with it, I'd like to sing its praises. My battery qualified 96.4 per cent with this piece, and the regiment as a whole 91.4 per cent. I think this is a good recommendation for the Garand, and action speaks louder than words.

Private 1st Class,
Battery H, 207th C. A. (A. A.)

Prejudice may have something to do with the way we old-timers feel about the Garand. Anyway, Old Sarge is glad to present your side of the argument.

The boys have asked me to write about our kick to you, and get the answer. Here it is:

Are we Boy Scouts down here, or men? We have found out that men of the 44th Division (Fort Dix) are issued overnight and week-end passes. Are we kids, that we have to be in bed by ten thirty every night? How about a little less of concentration camp atmosphere, and the realization that we boys of the 27th Division are men and would like to be so treated?

Private, 102d Engineers,
Camp McClellan.

Each post commander runs his camp according to his own judgment. Many members of the 44th live close to their homes. Most men of the 27th are far from home, with a small city the focus point of entertainment. It would certainly tax the neighborhood with a problem if five or six thousand men were turned loose every night and week-end.

Have nine young men in the family circle who will be going soon to Camps Grant, Peay, McClellan, and Custer. The rumor persists that "bad" women are being imported from various "hot spots" through the country to cities nearest the camps. These brothers and cousins of mine are all interested in "nice" girls at home and laugh at our worries. What is the truth?

Worried Sister, Rockford, Ill.

The Morals Officers at all posts are exerting powerful efforts to keep this situation under control. Certainly no prostitutes are being "imported" into camp vicinities. The natural tendency of such women and their bosses is to congregate near camps, but they are quickly ferreted out and "exported." In the end, everything adds up to the character of individual boys. Your folks sound like you can depend on them.

I desire to obtain a short practical textbook that could be used by a person who wishes to improve his self-expression, with particular reference to the proper use of grammar. I should like one for persons having a very limited time in which to study, with the shortest number of lessons and exercises showing the most common errors in grammar and pronunciation.

Captain, 142d Field Artillery,
Fort Sill, Okla.

Recommend Complete Book of English, by Henry Thomas (Garden City Publishing Company, $1.79), and Practical English (a series of 15-lesson booklets, Better Speech Institute, 307 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, $1.85.)

Could you please tell me whether there are any vacancies in either cavalry or ski units, and what qualifications are needed?

F. A. B., Cranston, R. I.

There are vacancies. For the qualifications, have a chat with your nearest recruiting office. You can talk and inquire without signing anything.

What kind of patriotism is this? I recently bought a house and certain goods on time. House payments were $35 a month; car, $25; furniture, $15—total, $75 a month. Then I was drafted. While I'm in the service the payments are suspended, but when I go back home I must find a job, and then pay double installments or lose everything to the finance companies. Is that a square shoot?

Private, Camp Shelby, Miss.

Your information is not quite right. You will not have to pay double installments, just resume the same payments. And Uncle Sam says your boss must restore your job to you under any reasonable circumstances.

"But when we throw out our chests we fall over backwards."

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Early summer of 1937 found Czechoslovakia and Austria anxious, with good reason. Russia and France being internally upset, Hitler evidently felt that his moment had come; he was demanding more than even England would yield, and a diplomatic crisis was resulting. However, England's new Ambassador, Sir Nevile Henderson, seemed surprisingly favorable to German annexations.

In July China's Ambassador assured Dodd that his government would fight Japan desperately—as it has. The Nürnberg Party Congress was coming in September; Dodd was resolved not to attend it, but during his absence in the United States Prentiss Gilbert did so. Dodd found President Roosevelt wondering gravely whether the United States, England, France, and Russia could co-operate to halt Japan and make the Axis see reason. His diary entry on his talk with the President at Hyde Park is now continued.

The veteran Lloyd George as his old fire blazed up against "a thieves' bargain with dictators."

Ambassador

Warnings that went unheeded . . . How one American saw the pattern of things to come

PART NINE—
Nazi Espionage Knew No Limit

October 19, 1937. Before we finished I urged again that he [the President] appoint Professor Shotwell of Columbia as my successor in Berlin. He said he would appoint either Shotwell or a service man, Hugh Wilson, now in the State Department. . . . After the conversation was over, William and I were asked to lunch with the President, his mother, and the Delanos of Washington. It was a delightful occasion. As I left the President, he said again: "Write me personally about things in Europe. I can read your handwriting very well." I promised to write him such confidential letters, but how shall I get them to him unread by spies? . . .

"What Can I Do?"

October 20. George P. Brett, Jr., president of the Macmillan Company, called to leave a copy of my The Old South: Struggles for Democracy, which is to be published on October 26. He also urged the preparation of my second volume, The Old South: Our First American Social Order. I could not promise how soon my work would be ready. Not a line is written yet. . . . When he departed other people came, so that I was engaged until the ship was about to start. I had spent two and a half months in the United States, but I had the same sort of nervous headaches which plagued me when I sailed from Hamburg on July 24.

October 29. In Berlin once more. What can I do?

China's Hopes and Swiss Fears

November 3. I have had three busy days reading documents and recent newspapers to get the drift of things. It has been decided that I am to leave Berlin for good about March 1, 1938. The President indicated that date, though I had asked to be relieved September 1, 1937. I feel I must go because of the unbearable tension of Nazi Germany, my increasing years, and the difficulty of writing the other volumes of my Old South if I wait much longer. . . .

Tuesday Dr. Cheng, the Chinese Ambassador, spent half an hour explaining his government's position and its hopes that the United States and England may unite to support China against Japan's cruel and amazing imperialism. He said he was going to Brussels to see how the nine-power conference feels about things. Dr. Cheng was a student at the University of Chicago while I was there and had reported some time ago that he knew me there as a professor.

Today the Swiss Minister spent an hour reviewing European conditions and the Nürnberg Party Congress, which he attended for three days. In spite of certain indications which I have noted before at big parties, I think he is still anti-Nazi and afraid his little country may be annexed to Hitler's Germany. He did not tell me about the Nazi Party in Switzerland which has been granted privileges there. Fear of Hitler is the cause of this, the Swiss government feeling that to do otherwise might cause aggressive German action.

Tonight I went to a dinner party at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, my friend, the former president, Planck, retiring, the new president taking his place. This organization is not Nazi and some outstanding business men who were present made their attitudes plain. They had no Hitler decorations on their coats and they did not say "Heil Hitler" when others came up to them and shook hands.

Did Anybody Expect to Win?

November 13. Tonight we went to the annual ball of Dr. Frank, head of the bar association, and members of the Hitler Cabinet. An enormous crowd, nearly all diplomats, was pres-

ent. Everybody was expected to contribute to the *Winterhilfe* (annual Nazi charity drive) by purchasing tickets which might give them a prize. Nobody won any prize that I heard of, though everybody gave ten to twenty marks. . . .

Fascism Looms in Brazil

November 16. Douglas Miller reports to the government at home that the director of the Deutsche Bank, Herr Weigelt, told him that Germany now is flying airplanes to China. The Chinese Ambassador, a second visitor this morning, said that Germany is shipping all kinds of war supplies over Russian railroads both to China and Japan. I notice reports that Japan sends millions of dollars' worth of gold each week to New York to pay for war materials.

The story of German-Italian propaganda in Brazil which has been coming to me for a year now emerges into an account of the rise of a Fascist state there. The new dictator, Vargas, has now announced that he will not pay interest on American loans or repay the capital. All

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF WILLIAM E. DODD to HITLER

treaties may now be declared void when the dictator wishes to do so. The State Department which arranged a trade treaty a little over a year ago is now helpless, and Secretary Hull has shown his disapproval.

An "Axis" for Earth to Turn On

November 18. After a busy day we went to a dinner at the French Embassy given in honor of Ambassador Bullitt of Paris. There were forty guests present. After dinner, Bullitt, the French Ambassador, Dr. Frank, Dr. Rosenberg, myself, and one or two others sat together and listened to Rosenberg present to Bullitt the Nazi social philosophy. Rosenberg and Frank argued their Nazi ideas. The Frenchman seemed to be amused. I said nothing.

Bullitt had been three days in Warsaw, and he reported to me this morning that Foreign Minister Beck of Poland had assured him again and again that the Poles would do everything possible for peace, not ally themselves with any nation except on commercial matters, and not intervene if Germany annexed Czechoslovakia or if Russia seized Finland.

No German seems ever to think seizure of other people's territory is wrong. It is the result of hundreds of years of teaching. Recently von Papen pressed the query in Paris: "What will France do if we take over Austria?" Now the Poles, who are in as tight a place as any people in Europe, are said to be joining the German-Italian-Japanese combination against Russia. I think they will be compelled to come into the so-called anti-Comintern pact. A journalist who has been long in Russia said to me today that many German and Italian secret workers have been in Russia two years with the object of overthrowing Stalin and setting up a Fascist system. Certainly there have been Italian-German propagandists in Latin America doing their utmost to upset our treaties and to set up dictatorships in alliance with those of Europe. We have heard here about their work in Brazil for nearly a year, and recently a Chile man reported a Nazi Party in that country of 35,000 men, adding that the Chilean government expects to be a German colony in a year or two. The Colombian Minister came to see me two days ago and said that the activity all over Latin America was so great that he wished me to report it.

The Writing on the Wall—for Isolationist Democracies

With so many efforts to make a solid Fascist front from Rome to Tokyo and similar efforts to swing Latin America into alliances with these Berlin-Rome dictators, and especially to defeat all easier trade relations, it seems to me that real co-operation between the United States, England, France, and Russia is the only way to maintain world peace. One thing seems to me certain: there will come a complete totalitarian domination of Europe and Asia if democratic countries continue their popular isolation policies. All peoples are so afraid of another war that Hitler and Mussolini think they can keep everybody scared and seize what areas they want. I am afraid they are right in their appraisals. If things go on in this way, England and the United States are going to find their economic conditions worse than ever. Although one cannot agree that Communism is any better than Fascism, it would be a great thing for the United States, England, and France to unite with Russia and simply say that certain things must cease to be done.

Schacht's Private Eden Musee

November 19. We entertained Bullitt at luncheon today, twenty-four guests present. Dr. Schacht said to me as he came in: "I have not attended a Cabinet meeting since September 5." This looks as if he were definitely out of the regime. I asked him, confidentially, if he would accept an American bank presidency. He said: "Yes, and I would be delighted to see the President often." I wondered what he was going to do with the Hitler statue in his parlor or with the painting of Göring which I saw in his house the last time I was there. Poor man—the ablest financier in Europe, but utterly helpless and in grave danger in case he were known to be considering migration to the United States. Of course he will lose his property in the event that he is able to slip out some way.

Dodd's Plans Subject to Change

November 23. I had a message today from Secretary Hull which surprised me a great deal. I had agreed last August, in a conversation with the President, to return for three months after spending my vacation at home. The last time I was with the President, October 19, he frankly said he had given up his earlier plan and would appoint Shotwell or Hugh Wilson. He said he was glad I was going back for some months. I told him March 1 was the best time for my retirement partly because of the weather conditions and partly because I did not wish to have the German extremists think their complaints of August 6, a protest by Dieckhoff against my statement on arrival in America, and September 5, in connection with my advice to the State Department not to send a representative to Nürnberg, had operated too effectively. They had no real reason to complain at anything I had done or said.

Now comes a telegram indicating that I must retire between December 15 and 31. Ambassador Hugh Gibson of Belgium is to be appointed, and I was asked to present his name to the Foreign Office at once. The Presi-

Mrs. W---- Solves the Case of Betty

Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.

Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.

Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

dent was reported to have asked all this to be done.

The reason for this violation of my understanding with the President is the opposition to me of Under-Secretary Welles. I have recently seen signs of opposition to everything I have recommended, except my refusal to go to Nürnberg. . . .

Streicher Rates That LaGuardia

November 29. Having been in bed nearly all the time since last Tuesday, when I had to beg von Neurath to excuse me from sitting with him at dinner, I managed to go to my office. Von Neurath had invited all diplomats to attend an opera Tuesday night in honor of the Hungarian Prime Minister and others who were here for a week. I felt I must accept, but after the opera ended I was unequal to the continued strain and was excused from dinner. The object of all this reception and hospitality was to press the Hungarians for union with Hitler Germany. I noticed that the Hungarians did not heil Hitler or raise their hands in salute when all Germans did.

In my office I learned from the consulate in Hamburg that scores of importers of coffee have been imprisoned there because they had left some of their profits in the exporting countries and had not reported them to Göring's economic office. One of the most eminent of the prisoners committed suicide. A report came from Munich that Julius Streicher has made an address in which he declared that the Jews govern the United States, LaGuardia being their chief. Other evidence was brought from Munich and Stuttgart that Hitler's government is doing its utmost in South America to bring those countries into alliance with Germany and Italy. This has been going on at least three years at enormous expenditure.

Lloyd George vs. "Appeasement"

November 30. We received notice from Washington that Gibson has declined the appointment to Berlin. I was requested to inform the Foreign Office that Hugh Wilson of the State Department was to be appointed. While evidence is wanting, I believe the German Foreign Office refused to receive Gibson. He had been an official in Belgium during the World War and had also written a valuable book about Germany and certain German leaders. . . . I notified the Foreign Office at once and they replied that their answer would be sent us in three or four days.

David Lloyd George, Britain's wartime Prime Minister, warned his government today against entering into a "thieves' bargain with the dictators" and suggested it would be better for Britain to go to war now rather than make an abject surrender to the Fascists. This Lloyd George address is very different from his statements of 1934. But he seems to me to be right now. How can England do anything after allowing Mussolini to master the Mediterranean, Ethiopia, and half of Spain?

"Whenever I Choose, I'll Annex"

December 3. Not a word from the Foreign Office about the new nominee to succeed me. I can think of no reason for this delay. Wilson was ten years in Switzerland, but this should be no excuse for a German objection. Yet I would not be surprised if Hitler refused the United States representation for quite a while. He and Göring are the most conceited men I have ever seen, and both of them are angry, even uneasy, about the slowly changing attitude of the United States.

Today the Völkischer Beobachter, Nazi official organ, carried a great headline saying the United States approved Russia's sending 300 warplanes to poor China. Yesterday our Secretary of State was attacked because he agreed with a New York Times editorial advocating American-English co-operation in world affairs and especially a boycott of Japan. Hitler sells war supplies to both China and Japan, even furnishing German officers to China. The object is, however, to have Japan control China, so that both may be ready to fight Russia if war ever comes in Europe.

A report today from Warsaw says the Danzig League of Nations official, Burkhardt, saw Hitler when he passed through Berlin on his return from Geneva. Hitler said to him: "Whenever I choose to do so I can annex all sections of European countries where there are large German elements." He simply meant that Europe is so afraid of him that he can take Danzig, Austria, and Czechoslovakia with no real resistance. I doubt this, except one at a time and not too near each other in sequence. Is this not a strange Europe after all that happened in the World War?

Schacht Belittles Göring!

December 9. Last Monday, December 6, I had a long talk with Dr. Schacht. He spoke freely, insisting that what we said was not registered in the Secret Police office. I was not so sure as he seemed to be. I told him we are retiring about January 1. He said he hoped to have us at his house before we go.

I showed him a copy of the interview I gave the Associated Press in Norfolk last August 4, and told him about Ambassador Dieckhoff's protest against this to Secretary Hull. Schacht read all I had said and then added: "There was no reason for a protest, none at all." I told him that I thought von Mackensen, the Under-Secretary in the German Foreign Office, had done this, not von Neurath. He made no reply. Hitherto he has always seemed to be in agreement with von Neurath, not his son-in-law von Mackensen.

I then told Schacht about my confidential letter to Hull being published in the New York papers on

September 4, appearing as if I had spoken it at Williamstown, Massachusetts, against the Nürnberg Congress. Schacht was not surprised, though he seemed not to have heard of the Foreign Office attitude in protesting to Washington either in August or September. But he then went on to say I was very popular with the German people, especially among the educated and professional people. . . .

Schacht later talked of his position as being uncertain. If he had to give up his bank presidency, he said he would go to the United States. As yet, he said, that was not to be definitely considered, and he was not sure what he would do. He said: "I am, as you know, no longer Economics Minister. That is General Göring's job now, and he knows little about the problems before him." I inferred from what Schacht said about the people's opposition to the Nazis, especially business people, that he thinks the Nazi regime will be overthrown.

"Our Colonies" as Lebensraum

December 11. This morning I asked Baron von Neurath about the colonial question, so much discussed during the last month. He said Germany cannot produce more than 80 per cent of her necessary foodstuffs and Germany has a population increase of 500,000 a year. Then he stressed the subject of land shortage. He added: "We shall not get our colonies back in several years, but we must have them."

I said to him: "You know modern populations will not emigrate. People simply will not leave great cities, and you know that the city populations constitute nearly three fourths of the people in England, Germany, and the United States. How will colonies help solve your economic problem?" He insisted: "We would get raw materials from colonies." I replied: "Yes; but the cost of raw materials from colonies is always greater than their cost through international trade." I gave illustrations.

He insisted on the colony demand. I know Germany is entitled to some colonies, and conceded her right to their restoration through negotiation. But my reference to trade relations led von Neurath to state again that he supported Secretary Hull on the subject of international trade. But he added, "Germany will not change her policy," which is one of extreme barriers against imports.

When I asked him about the possibility of a four-Power pact—England, Germany, France, and Italy—he promptly said it could not be arranged. He did not give the reasons, but I inferred that he meant that no reduction of armaments would be agreed to. . . .

When I was about to leave, he asked my wife and me to dine with him if we could. I told him I was afraid we could not do so, it being about Christmas time and the date of our departure still uncertain.

Heavenly!

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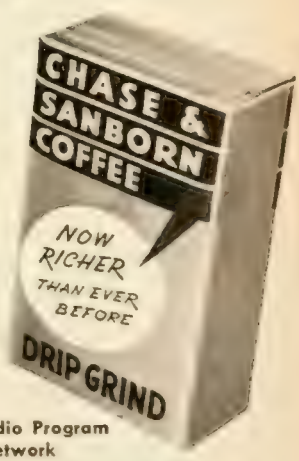

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CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

Dodd Does His Best for China

December 14. How our modern civilization drifts backward toward medievalism! Today the Czechoslovak Minister called, tremendously concerned about the fate of his country because democratic countries do nothing and thus give Mussolini, Hitler, and Japan increasing sway over the world. He said Russia, though an ally of his country and France, is helpless. Yesterday the Russian chargé d'affaires came to see me and insisted that democratic countries, England, France, and the United States, wish his country to save China without their assistance. Russia, said he, will not do that, but she would co-operate with those countries if they would help China.

After the Czechoslovak Minister left this morning, the Chinese Ambassador came to talk again about his country's dangerous condition. He repeated information I had received from Washington over the radio: that the Japanese had destroyed American and English vessels in Chinese rivers, even killing Americans, and that our President had demanded complete restoration and apologies from the Emperor of Japan. He wanted to know whether the United States would really do anything. I could not give any assurance, though I agreed with him that democracies must save China or themselves soon come into grave danger. We parted sadly, he saying his country might have to be subjugated and I acknowledging that modern civilization seemed to be on the verge of disaster.

At noon I sent a message to Roosevelt summarizing what had been said and giving my opinion that if the United States and England did not stop Japan, our people would come to realize in a year or two what their position was. I advised a boycott. If that did not succeed, I said, our navy and part of the British fleet should join and appear in Chinese waters. The Italian and German people are not yet willing to go to war against China, or even against England. I hope my opinions do not reach Hitler as some other confidential messages of mine have done. Anyway, it seemed my duty to send such a warning.

Some Germans Don't Heil Hitler

December 19. The last few days of luncheons and dinners have been almost unbearable to me, being busy all the time in the Embassy office. High officials like von Neurath have said they hoped to have us to dinner and now their invitations have failed to be sent. But German university and business men have crowded us with their invitations. Today we were with the Giebels, two days ago the Alberts, a day or two before a prominent bank president. In all these cases fifteen to twenty guests were present, all very frankly revealing their opposition to the Hitler regime, none giving the "Heil Hitler" greeting or wearing the Party decorations, even when some wore uniforms.

On Thursday, December 16, I went to Leipzig, my old university, to deliver a lecture on George Washington. I had been asked so many times since I have been in Berlin that I finally accepted, but I asked a personal friend there to see that no Party demonstrations were made. Pictures of men in Hitler uniforms, a flag behind me as I spoke, or an audience shouting "Heil Hitler!" would have been reported to the United States in a way to ridicule both me and the university where I got my Ph. D. in 1900. Therefore I made my request a week before.

When I arrived, a large reception

"Now, remember . . . he's just a beginner."

was given by Professor Wartburg. A score of professors were present. Conversations, as in Berlin, criticized the Hitler regime. When I appeared in the famous old university lecture room where Wundt, the distinguished philosopher, used to lecture, there was a vast crowd, students, professors, and persons whom I had seen years ago. . . .

I noticed a number of uniforms as I entered the reception room and a few people greeted each other in the Hitler manner, but none did that for me. It was a university crowd and the conversations were most cordial and liberal. . . . Leipzig University professors are not satisfied with their situation, even less satisfied than Berlin professors seem to be. . . .

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ OUT OF THE NIGHT by Jan Valtin. Alliance Book Corp.

The horrible, terrifying, and utterly fascinating autobiography of a Communist agent. Only for readers with strong stomachs who can take their current history in the raw. A tender love story glows dimly among the bloody details of Gestapo tortures which alone fill almost 200 pages of this gargantuan book.

Just How Soon Is War Coming?

December 20. We called on the French Ambassador and Mme. François-Poncet this afternoon at five o'clock. Mme. François-Poncet reported that, in her opinion, the Hohenzollerns and the conservatives in general are restless and more bitter than ever. She said she had heard much talk of that sort. But, she added, the leaders of the opposition are so indiscreet that their plans will be fully revealed to the Nazis and there may be another killing like that of June 30, 1934.

I do not think a revolt or effort to overthrow Hitler will come in the near future. Everybody knows here how cruelly Hitler-Göring-Goebbels would act if any more opposition is made, and consequently nothing will be done, unless the army offers a solid front for a change. But, so far as one can judge, the army is under such control that its opposition chiefs can do nothing.

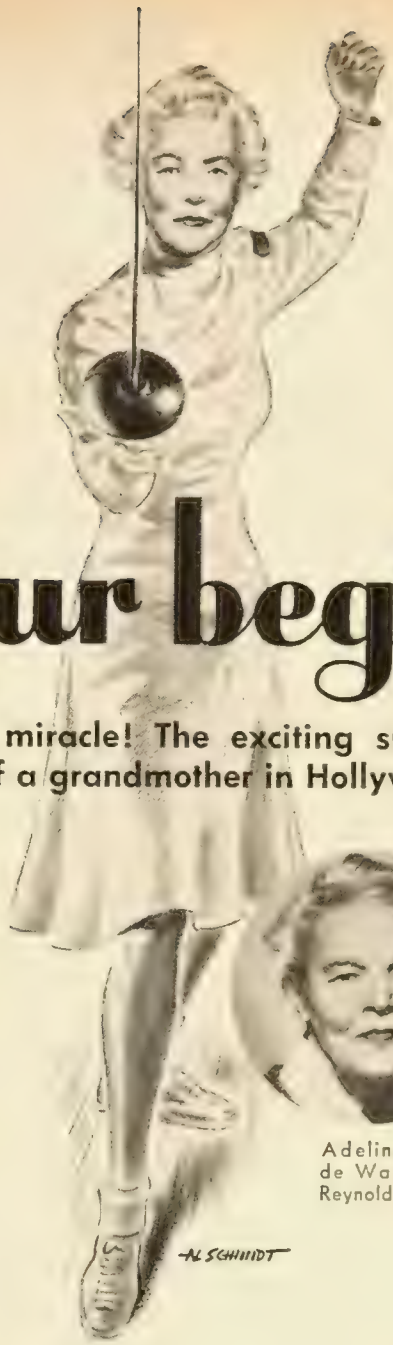
A little later the French Ambassador said: "You are going away at a good time. In my opinion, there will be war next spring. One main reason is that Mussolini's situation in Italy is so bad that he will resort to war to save himself. He wants control of the Mediterranean and all the French and Spanish possessions in North Africa. Germany will be called on to help him, and Germany will be given Austria and Czechoslovakia. But all the Danube peoples are more nervous than ever and closer to France than ever before. If Italy and Germany go to war for these areas, we shall have to attack them, and England will support us. This is the reason England cannot lend naval assistance to China, nor can we."

I then said: "But if France and England would co-operate with the United States in a boycott of Japan, the war on China would be stopped in two months. Can't you do something for this co-operation before it is too late?" He agreed that a real boycott would have the effect I indicated, but he said that business people in democratic countries would delay and resist so much that nothing would be done; and, therefore, next spring would be the Mussolini-Hitler time to begin war.

I asked him whether he thought the German masses would support a war. He said: "Yes; they have nothing else to do, if ordered to fight." My opinion is somewhat the same, except I do not think Hitler is quite ready and so will hold Mussolini back another year.

It was rumored that Schacht was to die. Dodd's last act in Germany was an effort to warn him. The following September, on the eve of Munich, the retired Ambassador reopened his diary to reflect upon his years of service, what the Axis had already done to civilization, and the logical certainty of a second World War. The result is a moving human document. In Liberty next week!

BY ROBERT NEAL LEATH



Glamour begins at 80

Movie miracle! The exciting success story of a grandmother in Hollywood.

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

UNDERSTAND, she is strictly a cutie-pie glamour girl with a pixy smile and one of those crisp new M-G-M contracts which glamour girls wear so becomingly; even better than new red hats.

But so long ago that San Francisco had not yet had that thing they called a "fire" in 1906, *she* had four children, no husband, no money, and no job. Everybody with a job to give out told her, about forty years ago, she was then already too old to deserve a commercial pay check.

I refer, ladies and gentlemen, to a healthy, short, go-getting female phenomenon tagged Mrs. Adeline de Walt Reynolds, who at eighty found herself fresh out of uproar, which she dotes upon; who decided she would now crash the movies, where uproar is continuous. And who has just proceeded promptly and actually to crash the movies.

Furthermore, Adeline is not sneaking in the back door, with an antique totter and a scared sniffle. Her latest career, as a picture actress, *begins* as principal support to Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart in Come Live with Me, which you'll be seeing soon, and which our own Beverly Hills reviewed in the March 8 Liberty.

I suppose in this report I could belabor the point that it's pretty splendid and inspiring and everything, that America has produced at least this one edition of Adeline. Maybe I should note that some of us dopes in the thirties might well pay attention and remember Adeline when we're feeling low, and life has lost its zip, and we have become mechanics or bank clerks or millionaires or fool writers and we think we'll never be anything else. The simple facts of Adeline's life make this unnecessary, although of course you want to know first how Adeline managed that movie-crashing.

Adeline de Walt Reynolds.

Well, she sat down. "Adeline," she asked herself, "how does anybody crash the movies?"

"Adeline," she replied,, "you get discovered."

She wrote a letter, having in eighty years herself discovered something which most people don't discover in eighty years or 980—that you can write to practically anybody on earth, excluding mugs, and receive some sort of reply if your letter is halfway courteous and sincere.

"Dear Miss Blanche Yurka," Adeline wrote: "I am eighty. I wish to get into the movies. Please send simple directions how to do this."

Somewhere she thought she had read that La Yurka had assisted at the discoveries of such present-day Hollywood somebodies as Bette Davis and Jimmy Stewart, and that La Yurka's nose would twitch whenever a potential success came within a mile.

Adeline's letter was just about the same as requesting: "Please explain in ten words of one syllable how to become President of the United States."

Entranced, Yurka wrote back: "Come on over and I'll tell you in person." You see, Yurka says Jane Cowl once helped Yurka when Yurka desperately needed help, as an unknown, and Yurka tries to pay that back by helping other people.

Adeline went on over to Yurka's house. They sent for Adeline's luggage. And Adeline has been there ever since.

Yurka took Adeline to a big-shot agent. He wanted to know Adeline's professional theatrical background, as is the repulsive habit of big-shot agents.

"I have none," Adeline said. "Nary a spot of background."

Only eighty years. She can't remember when she wasn't play-acting. On the broad flat Iowa farm where she was born she remembers going into her daddy's timothy field, and there all the soft lovely heads of timothy would bow to her in the breeze, and each head would become a person, a character, and she and all the other persons would converse and play together and have splendid times. For this, knocking down his precious hay, her daddy would blister her bottom.

Yurka then took Adeline to one of those agents who occasionally stop insulting long enough to look.

Next day the agent secured Adeline

a part in a little play called Landslide, produced by an obscure little-theater group in the Los Angeles Assistance League's Playhouse. Two days later came Adeline's test at M-G-M. Since she had no competition except approximately one million other old ladies, M-G-M naturally signed her up.

I asked her whether she was happy about it. ("Happy," people tell me, is the newest, most fashionable adjective, the one you work to death.)

The Culver City establishment where Mr. Louis B. Mayer and associates manufacture motion pictures has been variously and picturesquely described, but never, to my knowledge, described as heaven. Adeline didn't call it heaven, either. She said heaven has pearly gates and streets of gold and perpetual peace, which do not intrigue her. She said M-G-M is better than heaven because M-G-M is giving her her first chance really to go places in her Beloved Work, which is play-acting, but which she hasn't managed to attend to till now.

I knew that "Beloved Work" stuff would look pretty phony and corny when I put it in print, and I considered asking Yurka to steer Adeline away from it, but she would not steer. Therefore O. K. Play-acting is Adeline's "Beloved Work" and she is in it, but it took her eighty years to get there.

She says that anybody who knows deep within his spirit what his own work must be, will eventually get into that particular work and that he must live long enough to do so, but that if he never recognizes an inner decisive compellent desire, he dies.

ADELINE'S mother was German and brought a dowry to her father. Adeline's mother thought play-acting was wicked, for the following reasons: Any actress performing, for example, the part of Lady Macbeth, pretends she is some one she is not, and does her best to persuade her audience, at least temporarily, that she is some one she is not. Pretense is lying. Telling a lie is sinful and wicked. Therefore all play-acting and all actresses are sinful and wicked.

Adeline thought her mother was lovely and wonderful. But Adeline earned her pocket money by finding the hidden nests of wayward hens and she was paid one cent for each dozen eggs she found. Her first expenditure was a secret investment in an unexpurgated omnibus edition of Shakespeare's plays. You must find lots of eggs at one cent a dozen to make an investment of that magnitude. This was when she was too young to attend school.

Her father, land-hungry and French, did not believe in books for females. He took Pilgrim's Progress away from Adeline as too racy for exposure to the female intellect. His attitude assumed that men are gods and that females are provided for reproduction of the species only. Adeline accepted this viewpoint as

"—and the salesman said other cars have twenty-one new features that this car doesn't even need!"

the gospel truth mainly because she was exposed to no hint that it might not be correct.

She says she never realized men were not gods but human beings till after she found it necessary to support her four children, dealing with men within the business world of men.

Nevertheless the harsh realities of Adeline's origin promise to provide considerable conversation in Hollywood. And perhaps elsewhere.

For instance, she says divorce is a criminal immorality. She says she was married only once because she thinks no woman can be married more than once in love and sweetness and dignity. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is quite an opinion to be expressed by any Hollywood actress, knowing that all the other multi-married Hollywood actresses are ready, willing, and able to tear her limb from limb. Perhaps Adeline's age makes her invulnerable. I hope so. Regardless, she will continue to express her opinion.

She says she has nothing but contempt for any married woman who does not place her duty as wife and mother above all other considerations of her life. That is not going to go over very big with Hollywood's career women. Nevertheless it is Adeline's opinion and she spent eighty years working at it and she's got a contract after her duties as wife and mother have been done.

She says her husband never found his own particular work. After he died she knew nothing about typing and shorthand, so with another woman she opened a stenographic office in San Francisco. She learned as she went along, because the four children had to be fed. A few weeks before the San Francisco "fire" she tried to buy fire insurance on the firm's new office furnishings. An insurance agent talked her out of that, trying to save her money. The "fire" scrambled her home. She got the children out and counted them and there were only three. She returned to the living room, which had been lined with books, and all the books were now a heap on the floor. She dug into the books and found her unconscious fourth child and pulled him out, and she took all the children on foot many miles to a high hilltop and kept them safely there in a tent.

"Look, Wilbur! Watch me now!"

WHEN the guards would let her do it, she returned to her office. On the floor was a perfect silk rug, bought painfully with type-tapping fingers. The only trouble with the rug was that it was composed of ashes, and the moment the rug was touched it fell apart. Everything in the office had been destroyed.

After that, one of Adeline's boys died, although she does not believe in death and she says he went ahead and refuses to say he died. She says nobody can truly imagine himself as dead, because even if you do imagine yourself as dead, you are still just imagining your body as dead and looking at your body from some other encasement which is still alive.

Adeline educated the other three children and then she retired, and a daughter said, "Mama, you've always wanted a college education. There's a college just up the street."

At age seventy, Mrs. Adeline de Walt Reynolds was graduated in the class of 1930 from the University of California at Berkeley, with honors in French. She hadn't been kidding about wanting that college degree.

Then, she thought, at last she was free to take up the beloved work of the drama. At seventy she also became a student of fencing, since a healthy body is essential to an actress and fencing is more than apt to produce a tuned, healthy body. She was in no hurry. Where's the need of haste, when you know your destination?

At seventy-eight she crashed the Pasadena Community Playhouse, probably the most celebrated community theater in America. At eighty she wrote to Blanche Yurka. You know the rest.

THE END

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART SIX—WINGS OF DEATH . . AND A CUP OF TEA

Synopsis of preceding chapters is on page 56

September 27.

WALLY and I went up to town yesterday, Thursday. We had intended going to a local flick, then we changed our minds and buzzed off in Willson's car. I needed a change, and I think Wally's got something on his mind. He doesn't say much, but I have a feeling he's worrying about something. Perhaps he's taking this war seriously, or else he's had too much of it. I'm getting in a bit of a lather about my leave now. It's so near; soon I'll be living like a human being again. No more little boy blues from morning to night; me for a pair of flannel bags and a sports coat, and I stay in bed till eleven if I want to.

On our way to London we stopped off at the East End, where Fritz dropped some pretty heavy stuff. We pulled up at one place where two rows of small houses had just gone up in the air and come down in small bricks. There wasn't a sausage left, just foundations and dust. The only sign of life was a white cat snoozing in a spot of sunshine just where its home was, I suppose. And of course some humorist had to stick up a notice, "Demolition Work by Hitler and Co."

Wally let fly: "To think they did this in daytime! They're either a lot of dirty swine or damned bad shots." Talk about slum clearance; never seen anything like it, but it made me feel pretty sick. And there are still people in England who don't understand what's going on!

Seeing all that made me want to get back to the station to fresh air and the fields. Most depressing to see a sight like that—sheer deviltry.

A girl came rushing out with a cup of tea—funny how a cup of tea is always welcome.

THE DIARY OF AN R. A. F. PILOT —EDITED BY KEITH AYLING

THROUGH HELL ON WINGS

A vivid close-up of war over England plunges into new, thrilling adventure

ON GOOD TIMES..
MAKE SURE OF
BETTER TIMES
WITH
Early Times

The Naturally Mild Whisky

90 PROOF

EARLY TIMES
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Wally didn't speak again till we got to London, and he drove like stink. I wonder what he has got on his mind. The first thing we did in town was to go to "A. R.'s" in Regent Street for a shave and haircut. Regent Street has taken it on its aristocratic chin all right, but they're carrying on. "A. R.'s" has a kind of duckboard bridge through the main entrance, and there's no glass in the windows, but you can still get everything you want. I bought a snappy line in gent's holiday neckwear for my leave, and was served by a pretty girl too—a real beauty. I felt like buying the shop. The fellow who shaved me was funny, a queer old stick if you like. "I imagine you gentlemen are pretty busy these days, sir," was the best thing he could say to open conversation. I said we were, and asked him how things were going with him. "Pretty good, sir, pretty good, but the constant air-raid alarms are losing me a lot of tips!" Another thing Hitler will have to answer for.

September 28.

Phew! Things are really getting hot. Jerry came over again today in a new set-up. Mostly M.E.-110s flying in single line ahead. They were right up the estuary and dropping their eggs when we caught up with them. The Old Man did some pretty nifty work. He shot up two before the rest of us were in range. He got the first before the fellow even saw him. I was in the rear section with Wally. The German the skipper got pulled up short and went over on its back. It didn't look damaged, but as the pilot bailed out the wings came right off and floated away like a couple of bits of paper. Then three others came at the skipper. Wally and I nearly rubbed noses and we went at them, but the skipper came round so tight that he got a burst into the first before we arrived. He shot the Hun bang out of his greenhouse. The plane belched out black smoke and went down into the muck beneath.

The others didn't wait. They hared off. I got in a good squirt at one, but nothing happened except that he unloaded a bomb and went faster. The skipper told us he was going down—his motor was dead. We didn't see him again till dinnertime. He was looking pretty green too—his bus had taken a burst of large stuff in the cooling system and he'd swallowed some glycol. It tastes terrible.

Had a bit of excitement early this morning. There was a lot of noise outside at breakfast time. The men went to emergency stations, but it wasn't the Hun. A darned great bomber—one of ours, a Wellington—had done a belly flop right on a store hut at the far end of the drome. The hut came off worst, and the old Wellington was literally hanging in strips. It had taken a pasting—you never saw such a mess—just a packet of holes held together by nothing. How it ever got here is a miracle. One engine packed up over Cologne, where the radio chap got a packet and died. They had so much ice on the wings that they were flopping around at about 1,000 feet and the Germans were blazing away with all they had. The rear gunner was frozen so badly he couldn't speak, and to make matters worse an antiaircraft shell that didn't burst knocked half his cabin away and cut off his phones. The poor fellow couldn't even tell the pilot he was hanging out in the slip stream.

Mitchell, the bomber captain, told us he had intended to bail out, but he couldn't get in touch with the rear gunner, so he thought he'd try to make it. They couldn't get a radio

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD Ken, who records his experience in the R. A. F., is a pilot at the Dover air base, where he quickly distinguishes himself as a fighter and is consequently promoted to A Flight. On the other hand, his buddy, Bill Bradley, is shot down in an engagement on August 21, 1940, leaving a widowed mother and Rosalie, the girl he was going to marry on his next leave. Ken feels he must do something to solace and divert Rosalie.

Three chaps in A Flight prove to be Ken's own kind, and Wally Jones, Brian Shaw, and O'Dowd and himself become a devoted and formidable foursome. Each one of them hopes to bag a Nazi flying "killer" whom they nickname "the Twirp."

Off duty one afternoon, Ken, Wally, and O'Dowd go to a cinema. During the show a civilian air raid takes place and a girl war worker, Mary Waters, is wounded and taken to a hospital, where both Ken and O'Dowd visit her. Smitten with her, O'Dowd grows a little jealous of the attention she gives Ken.

However, Ken arranges a party for O'Dowd and himself with the bereaved Rosalie and Viola, a night-club hostess of whom he is enamored. They have a swell evening together, which winds up at dawn in Viola's flat. Rosalie and O'Dowd hit it off at a famous rate, but signs of rifts in the lute of love between Ken and Viola are in evidence. Ken's mind goes back to Mary Waters, and Viola imagines that Rosalie is really after Ken.

Back at their posts, the two boys discover an addition to their outfit—a picturesque Pole known as "the Barber." The battles in the air over Dover are resumed, the Nazi attacks intensified. Brian is shot down, and A Flight is given to Wally. Follows a blitz of blitzes in which O'Dowd is killed. Still holding his luck, Ken again distinguishes himself and is cited for a decoration.

fix, so they came home blind, dodging through the clouds. Somewhere over Dunkirk a couple of Heinkels picked them up and tried to drive them into some A.A. fire, but the other gunner, who'd got three bullets through his shoulder, got his gun going and beat them off. Then, when they did make the coast, the fuel gave out and she went out of control. These bomber fellows do a pretty good job, I must say. It was awful to see the fellow who'd been frostbitten—he'd been exposed six hours; was frozen stiff, but he was still grinning.

As for the plane, I take my hat off to the stuff they put into these bombers. This one had been shot with everything they had, and hit too. The starboard wing was like a sieve, the undercarriage gear was jammed with a bit of shell the size of a man's arm, and the fuselage near the radio cabin had nearly been cut in half. They'd had a fire that the gunner put out with his extinguisher. He was laughing like hell, too, in spite of his wounds. Just as he was getting the fire under control, the second pilot rushed back with the extinguisher and let him have it full in the face. Then the stuff froze before he could dry it and turned him into an ice man. A grand bunch these bomber fellows; they brightened our breakfast.

September 29.

WENT on an interesting trip with Willson yesterday. The nephew of some friend of his who is in one of the Hurricane squadrons cracked up and they'd sent him to stay at —— Hall, a grand old Elizabethan place standing in its own grounds. The owner has turned it over to the R. A. F. men for the duration to be a kind of holiday club for our chaps when they go stale. It is certainly a grand idea. Some fellows were playing tennis with some snappy girls, and on our way in we met another bunch riding on quite decent-looking nags.

Willson's friend's nephew was fishing. He looked fit, and he'd only been there a few days. He says it's a wizard show, with something of everything you want, cabarets, dances, and movies, and breakfast in bed. The Australians and the Canadians who haven't got homes here go to spend their leave at these places. They say it's tops.

Time's getting on. I'm getting nearer to leave, and every one seems to think that we're nearer to the big showdown. It may come at any minute. Every one's expecting something on a big scale. I'm not jittering or anything, but—well, I would rather get into it. It's funny when you're up doing a job you don't know how big it is. They say that big show on the 15th was the real thing. Fellows are beginning to talk about the war in the mess now, not our war in particular, but they're saying now that unless Hitler can destroy us on the ground he hasn't a hope of getting over. I think that too. But he's never had a real try yet!

Just had a frantic note from Viola

WHENEVER he felt the urge
Sidney would splurge
On shirts—
So rashly that they seldom,
if ever, looked the nerts.
They drooped o'er his torso
Like a sack, only more so;
Their collars were, in a word,
Absurd.

So when Marge brought him home to
the folks for their final say-so,
She knew his chances weren't worth a
plugged peso
Unless she got an Arrow Shirt on Sid,
Which she did.

"Not bad,"
Thought Marge's Dad.
"His shirt is one of the year's
masterpieces—
The lad is obviously rich as
Croesus."

"Ah!"
Said Ma.

And Marge's maiden aunt sighed,
"What fit! How it becomes him!
What a pity
I'm not twenty-one and pretty!"

Today Sid and Marge are married—
to guess which you don't have
to be much of a guesser.
And above their dresser

Hangs not a portrait of rich Uncle Otto,
Or a diploma, or a motto,
But that first Arrow Shirt Marge gave
Sidney!
(He looked swell in it, didney?)

Sid buys *only* Arrow Shirts these days
And finds it pays.
Their "Mitoga" figure-fit fits him like a
glove does.
They're Sanforized-Shrunk and shrink as
little as his love does:
Less than 1%! They have dandy Arrow
Collars.
(Arrow Dale is $2.50 and Arrow Hitt, $2.)

ARROW SHIRTS

$2 · $2.25 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5 Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

DON'T JUST "DEADEN" A headache!

Get relief in these 3 important ways!

When you have a headache, your nerves and stomach are apt to be disturbed, too!

See how much *more* Bromo-Seltzer's *triple-action* does for you!

WHEN you have a headache, what you want is not a mere single-acting pain deadener that often leaves you still with a dull feeling — but something that will help make you feel more like your old self again!

That's why millions today depend on Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headaches. Because unlike mere single-acting pain deadeners that do only *one* part of the job, it helps (1) STOP THE PAIN, (2) CALM THE NERVES, and (3) SETTLE THE STOMACH. Next time,* use Bromo-Seltzer as directed on the label.

Listen to Ben Bernie Tuesday nights

BROMO-SELTZER

*For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

BIGGEST AND BEST IN ST. LOUIS

The New HOTEL Jefferson

800 MODERN ROOMS FROM $3.00

to say that the newspapers are saying that all R. A. F. leave is stopped, because the invasion is expected any minute. It's probably a scare, but I'd like to be sure. Somehow leave is rather important. I'd been looking forward to it. Viola's a bit quaint—she says she would rather be with me if we were invaded than with any one else. Girls have the oddest ideas. . . .

Had a word with Willson. He knows nothing about the leave stoppage. Three fellows went yesterday from the other squadrons, so I suppose it's O. K.

There must be something up. Five of the big fellows turned up today for a powwow. They've been here all the afternoon, and one of the laddies who talked to their chauffeurette says she told him they were the fellows in the know. No one will get leave. Our chappies are supposed to do a big bombing raid on the invasion ports tonight. If it succeeds there may be no invasion for a time; if it doesn't, then they'll come over tomorrow for certain. We're to have three extra reserve squadrons here. Of course it may be a rumor, but something's got to happen soon.

September 30.

MOTHER rushed over to see me yesterday. She didn't say, but I'm sure she has the invasion idea too. She didn't say she had just scrambled over to take a look at me before anything happened, but she had. She's a grand person anyhow. She looked so snappy in her leather coat and blue slacks. If all women could wear clothes like mother! She's got guts too. Hanged if I'd bump along all the way from Reading on a one-and-a-half-horsepower motorcycle. How she got through I can't guess, seeing this is more or less a prohibited area. Her excuse was that she wanted me to take her to a movie, so we went.

Ma's a great sport. I realize that more every day. She told me that Rosalie had taken the O'Dowd news pretty badly. The poor kid is quite broken up. Ma said she doesn't want me to see her; so that let's me out, and I'm not really good at that kind of thing. Mother's squeezed her into her canteen to keep her busy. The war work, she says, is the best way to make a woman forget. Can't bear to think of Rosalie; losing two men like that is pretty tough.

Another letter from Viola, nice one this time; says the misunderstanding over the other fellow was her fault, not mine. Decent of her. Mother was funny when we talked about Viola. I don't think she quite likes her. She pulled my ear over the tea table just as she used to do when I was a kid. "Remember, old man, you were always a bit extravagant on cars—you were always swapping them. You can't do that with a wife though. I seem to remember some one who got fed up with a sports model every winter. Last time I think it was because you couldn't go to a theater in an open car without getting windblown, or was it the lady of the day who didn't like it?"

I still blush like a kid when mother starts pulling my leg. When I asked her what that had got to do with Viola, she said, "As far as I can see, that young woman's a bit streamlined—she's a sports model, old man. And if winter comes . . ." I pulled her ear then and we both laughed. Private thought—Viola may be a sports model, but she's one I won't get tired of. I know mother means well, but she doesn't quite know how I feel about Viola, and we shan't have that kind of winter anyhow—we're both intelligent enough to see that.

October 3.

COULDN'T write yesterday. And there's no good news to record; all bad, dashed bad. Looks as if the Barber and I will be conducting a two-man war. Just came in from a funeral—Wally's. It was tough; as grim a show as any I ever want to see. Nothing unusual about the funeral, except that his old mother came and cried a bit. She was wearing Wally's father's medals and marched along as proudly as if she were on parade, but it was pretty ghastly. Funerals are bad at all times, but when you know the fellow under the lid you seem to feel it worse than ever.

When does the balloon go up? Every one is waiting for that. The big show is bound to start soon. If the Boche doesn't come soon it'll be too late, for the weather will go back on him and they say he depends a lot on that. Yesterday we had a stand-to all day. No one was allowed to leave, and just before dusk we were all air-borne. We sighted a big bunch of Germans well over the ditch. This must be the big thing, I thought. I've never seen so many. They were strung out across the sky like a great flock of geese. There must have been nearly a thousand of them. It looked like a bombing formation with fighters on top, underneath, and on both sides.

I heard some one reporting them to the ground on R. T. and the skipper gave us the direction, but they were out of our reach. We went higher and then we lost them. When we came down again, all we could see was the smoke from the French coast where our lads had been bombing the night before. Seems the Germans were just doing a practice invasion blitz in full view of our coast—just to impress us. Perhaps they wanted to tempt our fighters over there, but our fighter command is too wise to be bitten by that kind of thing. I'll remember that sight, though, for a long time. From what I could see, the old French coast must have taken a hell of a battering.

We'd hardly got back from this flop show when there was another alarm. This was the real thing; about thirty M. E. Jaguars, with four or five Heinkels flying underneath as lures, came straight at us from Dunkirk way. They must have been after our

airfield. They didn't get anywhere near and broke up before we got in range.

They let us out again in the evening, so I dragged the Barber downtown for a flick. It was his night to go to confession, but I told him he'd have to wait. Poor old Barber! What has he got to live for except revenge! He's lost everything. He doesn't know whether he has a relative in the world, but he keeps going and he's always cheerful.

We found a movie house showing a Donald Duck. What a benefactor to mankind that fellow Disney is! I believe that even a Hun would laugh at Donald. I never get tired of him. Thought the Barber was going to get turned out for making such a row. He slapped me on the knee, and then he dug the old woman next to him in the ribs so hard that she yelled out. "Excuse, madam," he shouted—"me Pole—ha-ha!" She yelled back something, and I thought she was going to hit him.

More bad news. I've had so much that it doesn't seem news at all. It's just everything coming at once. I wrote to Mary Waters in the hospital just to tell her what had happened to O'Dowd. The letter came back with one from the matron. The poor kid's dead. They had to operate again, and something went wrong.

October 6.

HAD to use the brolly [parachute] again yesterday. After the war I'll be able to do a circus act all right. I suppose I ought to take satisfaction that I'm safe. But it's taught me a lesson. The Germans are outsiders and no mistake. They haven't a single idea of sportsmanship.

We got mixed up in a scramble this morning and I lost a wing, and then things happened pretty fast. She turned over, and I got out so fast I forgot to pull the rip, so I just fell straight down, flopping about, face downward, then on my back, and wondering why the blazes the parachute didn't open. I thought I must have left the thing behind, but strangely enough I wasn't really worried. Then I remembered and found the rip, and out she came.

I was miles below the crowd shooting it out when I began to float properly. Then I heard a machine coming too near to be pleasant and a machine gun popping off. I thought he must be out of control at first, but he wasn't. A ruddy M.E.-110 was diving straight at me and letting fly with his tracer stuff. Some was pretty near but not near enough, thank heaven. I was wondering what to do, for I still had about 15,000 feet between me and the fields, when the swine came back again. He was luckier than last time, for he cut a bit clean out of the leg of my boots. Another inch and he'd have got me!

I tried to change course by pulling the cords to spill some air, but it didn't seem much good. If he came back again I figured he must get me, blast his eyes. The rotten twirp. And

"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN $5.00 says KLEENEX

We will pay $5.00 for every Kleenex "True Confession" published. Mail to Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE COLD RUSH IS ON

THE WHOLE FAMILY CAUGHT COLDS, AND THE TRAFFIC AROUND THE *KLEENEX* WAS TERRIFIC. NOW WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A SORE RED NOSE BETWEEN US, THANKS TO SOFT *KLEENEX* TISSUES.

(*from a letter by* M. M., Bend, Ore.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar

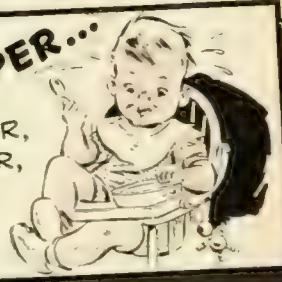
LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY ...BUT THANKS TO *KLEENEX*, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(*from a letter by* Midshipman H. E. Annapolis, Md.)

THE NIPPER WAS A DRIPPER...

SMART MOTHER FEEDING BABY DAUGHTER, GOES ABOUT IT LIKE MOTHERS OUGHTER, TUCKS *KLEENEX* UNDER BABY'S CHIN, BABY SMILES AND DIGS RIGHT IN.

(*from a letter by* M. S., Silver Spring, Md.)



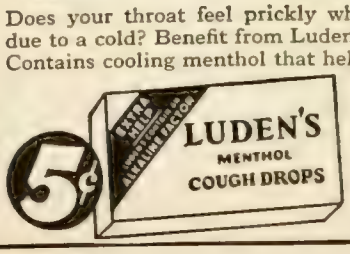
Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... use Kleenex*

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

.Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

SANDPAPER THROAT

Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"



Copr. 1940, Luden's, Inc.

IT'S TIME TO BE SENSIBLE ABOUT CIGARETTES

THERE ARE any number of claims, based on facts, that we could sincerely make for our new CHELSEA Cigarette.

BUT IN THE long run, regardless of the claims we might use to "sell you" your first package, there is *only one* reason why you would keep on smoking Chelseas.

YOU MUST actually like them better than your present brand.

WE DON'T say you will. We do know that the new Chelsea represents the best knowledge and experience we have gained in *65 years* of manufacturing quality tobacco products.

CHELSEA IS the finest cigarette we know how to make. Many who have *discovered* Chelsea tell us it gives them an entirely new cigarette satisfaction.

24 for 15¢*... 4 more than usual

Chelseas are packed in 24's—4 extra to the package! A dividend of 40 extra to the carton. Chelseas are new! And if your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.50* for a carton. Address: Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Virginia. Branch of Larus & Bro. Co.

**Plus state cigarette tax if one exists in your State.*

MEN MADE TO ORDER

Fit Your Abilities To The Opportunities

You have unused talents and mental powers. Learn to develop those faculties of mind which today's world of *business demands*. Start life anew—*without changing your affairs*. Write the *Rosicrucians* for *free* Sealed Book telling how you may receive age-old teachings to *achieve* personal power.

Address: Scribe I.M.A.

The ROSICRUCIANS, (Amorc) • San Jose, Calif.

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

these are the fellows we treat like gents!

I was getting all steamed up when I heard some machine-gun fire from the ground. The Hun didn't come back. They must have made it too hot for him. Soon I was sitting on my backside in a field. Hadn't been there a second when a girl came rushing out with a cup of tea—funny how a cup of tea is always welcome. I'm glad to be here, I must say—it's very important, for I don't want to miss that leave I'm promising myself.

And here's good news, the best news. I've felt it all along, but I don't think I've ever realized it so strongly. We've had a bad battering, we've lost quite a lot of men and machines, but those losses haven't made any difference. We get replacements so quickly that we don't seem ever to miss our losses, and the new chaps are wonderful. Haven't seen a single case of nerves or anything like that. It's the grandest show, it's really inspiring. Proof to me that we're winning, that we've got the jolly old Hun as cold as Monday's mutton. The R. A. F. is the finest organization in the world. I'm proud to be in it.

We've got good machines and we're getting better. They brought a terrific new twin-engined fighter here the other day. Hope we get some of them. They'll make the M.E.-110 look like a prewar kite. I'm sure now that we're coming out on top in this air war. Our training system is much better than the Luftwaffe's. We get better results with about a quarter of the expenditure.

I'VE always had a feeling that the Hun does the follow-my-leader too much. Another thing I can't understand about the Germans: They really *do* run away. I swear solemnly that I haven't seen one of our chaps funk a fight since I've been in the air, but the Hun will run. He may have been told to do so, but it's an awful waste of petrol to come over all this way and then skedaddle back!

Churchill is due for a visit to our station. Hope to see him. He's a grand fellow. What I like about him is that he likes to try everything for himself. We'll give him a hell of a do when he comes. He's a hundred per cent for the R. A. F. anyhow. What a man—he and Beaverbrook and Bevin are the real heroes of this war.

October 9.

I can't think about anything but leave. Am all packed up, ready to go.

We had three scrambles yesterday, but the 100-a-day days are gone now. The Hun isn't wasting any more machines. He's coming over in single 110s with bombs and skedaddling.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.S.T.	Minneapolis / St. Paul	WLOL 8:00 C.S.T.
Buffalo ...	WKBW 9:00 E.S.T.		
Chicago	WGN 8:00 C.S.T.	New York ..	WOR 9:00 E.S.T.
Cleveland ...	WHK 9:00 E.S.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 9:00 E.S.T.	San Antonio	KABC 8:00 C.S.T.
Fort Worth ..	KFJZ 8:00 C.S.T.	St. Louis ..	KWK 8:00 C.S.T.
Houston ...	KXYZ 8:00 C.S.T.	Washington, D.C.	WOL 9:00 E.S.T.
Kansas City	WREN 10:00 C.S.T.		
Los Angeles	KHJ 7:00 P.S.T.	San Diego	KGB 7:00 P.S.T.
San Francisco ..	KFRC 7:00 P.S.T.	Santa Barbara ..	KDB 7:00 P.S.T.

We got one at 30,000 this morning. The Barber finished him off. Yesterday saw a sight good for sore eyes. Willson, the C. O., myself, and a couple of fellows from the Hurricane crowd went to a dump for downed Huns. What a sight! There must have been nearly a thousand of all kinds collected from all round the coast. You never saw such a mess. Some one had stuck up a notice: "Pots*dam* Field" on the gate. They strip the planes of everything worth while, use the parts to assemble one or two complete planes for test purposes. It is certainly some graveyard. The funny thing is that the Hun has bombed it twice. He either wants to complete the job so we won't get the parts intact, or he thinks it's an assembly plant.

WILLSON has just come in—all leave is stopped. Seems there's a really big show expected. It may be the invasion, so I might as well unpack.

The balloon's going up any minute now, but we should worry. We've got them cold.

If what Ken expects is true, that "the balloon's going up any minute," what will happen to him in this all-out blow? Can he come through unscathed, his phenomenal luck holding good, or—? You will find out in next week's Liberty which presents the most thrilling pages yet of this English flyer's diary.

ROMEOS

Don't let your love-making be spoiled by a cough due to a cold . . . Keep Smith Brothers' Cough Drops handy. Black or Menthol, just 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

TIME TESTS A TALE OF Stolen Romance

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan in Back Street.

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A shocker of yesterday, in revival, proves mild

★ ★ ★ BACK STREET

THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan, Richard Carlson, Frank McHugh, Tim Holt, Frank Jenks, Esther Dale, Samuel S. Hinds, Peggy Stewart, Nell O'Day, Kitty O'Neil, Nella Walker, Cecil Cunningham, Marjorie Gateson, Dale Winter. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson, based on Fannie Hurst's novel. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Produced by Universal. Running time, 89 minutes.

FANNIE HURST wrote this in 1931. A sensational magazine serial, overnight a best-selling novel, it is a sentimental fable of a girl who was so much in love that she was content to cast all else aside, even her own career as a dress designer, to wait in the secret back street of a man's life, divorced from friends who might ask questions, and taking what stolen moments she could from his busy career. It was a lonely existence of heartaches, smart Paris frocks, and brief interludes of companionship, but little Ray Smith was content.

Charles Boyer plays the young New Orleans financier of brilliant

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Daddy, do you remember 'The Ziegfeld Follies'?", said Little Cub, looking up at us with large leonine eyes.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, reaching back into the haunted wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre, we were launched on the bedtime story of those nights of stars provided by the memorable Flo.

★ ★ ★ ★

Soon we worked our way to the chapter wherein M-G-M immortalized "The Great Ziegfeld", and we drifted naturally into the glamour story of 1941:

★ ★ ★ ★

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

★ ★ ★ ★

For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studding the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

★ ★ ★ ★

As Tony Martin softly sings "You Stepped Out of A Dream", which is Public Melody No. 1, you will step into a dream of glorified girls—of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner.

Romance, in a beaming web, is spun around the personal problems of a guy played by James Stewart, the last three letters of whose name typify his work. Give up?

★ ★ ★ ★

And Judy Garland! Words fail us.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lush, plush and splendiferous, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls.

★ ★ ★ ★

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

★ ★ ★ ★

Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

★ ★ ★ ★

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

★ ★ ★ ★

Glorifying the American lion.

—Les

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Yes, "BC" brings quick relief from headaches, neuralgia and muscular pains. It is composed of several prescription-type ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Follow the simple directions on the package. If pains persist always consult a physician.

FREE OFFER: For free sample write B. C. REMEDY CO., Dept. B-4, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

10¢ and 25¢

ONE OF THE FASTEST-SELLING REMEDIES OF ITS TYPE IN AMERICA

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying **Cystex.** An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed.

Cystex Helps Flush Kidneys

Don't delay. Get **Cystex** (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c. The guarantee protects you.

promise, a wife, two children, smug success—and Ray in a hideaway apartment. Margaret Sullavan shades Monsieur Boyer as the social outlaw who cared only for one man, even to casting aside the honest love of a young automobile designer.

It is curious how a ten-year-old sensation can seem so dated now. This was a shocker of its era. Then literature had such forbidden items as its Camilles and its Sapphos but our native writing gentry fought shy of sex honesty. The world has moved on in the interim. Anyway, it is franker and honester and we see these puppets in their true light. The ambitious Walter Saxel seems motivated by complete selfishness; the girl, Ray, appears to be a silly sentimentalist. The drama whips up to a moving moment or two; mostly it is a carefully done presentation of emotions in costumes and backgrounds running through the Gay Nineties, the Gibson Girl era, on into the golden boom days of '28 and '29. In brief, when America was emerging from its literary sex adolescence.

VITAL STATISTICS: This was made before by Universal, in 1932, with Irene Dunne and John Boles in the leads. . . . The Ohio River wharf set was studio-built, contained 200,000 gallons of water. Steamboat was built on a sound stage, had a motor-driven paddle wheel. A real stern-wheeler on the Sacramento River doubled in the long shots. . . . Barney Oldfield supervised the Vanderbilt Cup race scenes. Six authentic racing cars, vintage of 1909, competed. Built for the low-grade gasoline of early racing days and with big cylinders to get power, the old cars kept blowing their gaskets. . . . Charles Boyer is forty-two, born in Figeac, France. Screen debut in France in 1920. . . . Richard Carlson is twenty-nine, born in Minnesota, graduate of Minneapolis schools and of the University of Minnesota. . . . That's Tim Holt, son of the once famous Jack Holt, playing Boyer's son in the film. He's twenty-three, a graduate of Culver. . . . Director Robert Stevenson is an Englishman, attended Cambridge, specialized in aeronautical engineering. Quit college to get a film job writing screen synopses. Next he was a script writer. Finally a director.

★ ★½ WESTERN UNION

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Randolph Scott, Dean Jagger, Virginia Gilmore, John Carradine, Slim Summerville, Chill Wills, Barton MacLane, Victor Kilian, Minor Watson, George Chandler, Chief Big Tree, Chief Thundercloud, Dick Rich, Harry Strang, Charles Middleton, Addison Richards, Irving Bacon. Screen play by Robert Carson, based on a novel by Zane Grey. Directed by Fritz Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 95 minutes.

DEAR WESTERN UNION:
HAPPY THAT LOVE BUILT YOUR TRANSCONTINENTAL SYSTEM AUNT MINNIE SENDS KISS BEV HILLS

THEM'S our sentiments about Hollywood's newest epic. It is nice to know that a pretty little blonde in the pioneer Omaha office of Western Union inspired the building of the first telegraph system through the Indian country, across prairie, plain, and mountain, to Salt Lake City. Hollywood puts all great achievements in such simple terms.

The neatly coiffured inspiration is little Sue Creighton, sister of the man who took the wires across the land. Helping Edward Creighton are two men, one a young Harvard graduate working as a tenderfoot surveyor and the other a one-time prairie renegade trying to go straight. But the old gang haunts his trail, steals the company's cattle and wagons, even burns out the expedition's corral when it starts a forest fire. So the ex-renegade has to shoot it out with his former pals, even to wiping out his own—and very wicked—brother. I won't spoil your suspense by telling you whether Harvard or the reformed bandit gets little Sue.

Director Fritz Lang went to a lot of trouble filming expensive location stuff. But the Zane Grey opus remains elemental escapist fiction, with all the old stuff, from Indians put upon the warpath by bad liquor to shy love scenes between Sue and the ex-cattle thief who stands in inarticulate panic and can only say, "Yes, ma-a-am."

VITAL STATISTICS: Location companies traveled 3,200 miles for outdoor sequences. The visit of the 225 players and technicians to Kanab, Utah, helped the 300-population community a lot. Here alone was spent $150,000. . . . Another location company went to House Rock Canyon in Arizona to film the buffalo stampede. Here 350 buffalo roam under the guardianship of the Arizona Legislature. . . . That buffalo skeleton was borrowed from a museum at Flagstaff, Arizona. Insured for $10,000. . . . The studio built a fifteen-acre forest for the fire scene. Players wore asbestos clothes. Trees were real. . . . This was Zane Grey's last novel. Purchased from his estate for $25,000. It's the 113th Zane Grey picture. Zane collected some $500,000 from the movie companies for his yarns. . . . Randy Scott has played in eighteen Zane Grey stories. Was Zane's favorite movie hero, they say. . . . Virginia Gilmore is Hollywood's newest Cinderella. From nowhere to leads in six months. Born in Del Monte, California, was graduated from the University of California, turned to the stage. Three years in Coast plays before she got a Hollywood offer. This is her third film. This is Dean Jagger's third invasion of Hollywood. Other two didn't take. This trip brought him the Brigham Young role in the film of that name, also this part. Jagger was born in Lima, Ohio, attended Wabash College.

Short Review:

THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). A thin, pretty sad comedy, with Frank Morgan as an inveterate liar who at the moment is earning his living as a side-show "cannibal." Suddenly the "wild man's" eighteen-year-old daughter, now motherless, comes back to the father she hasn't seen since she was a baby. The proceedings never hit spontaneity. (78 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again.

★★★—The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall.

The author.

I am that Adopted Baby

BY SHIRLEY WINFIELD

The other side—A Liberty article finds a warm echo

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Some months ago in Liberty appeared an article on Mrs. Florence A. Grannis and the splendid work she has done in New York State in the placement of dependent children. Among the many responses came this moving document, which seems to us to answer many of the questions raised in the other letters addressed to us.]

TOMORROW is my twentieth birthday. Like other young girls that age, I have letters locked away. But my treasured letters are different. Because—well, you see, I am different.

Here is my first letter, a little worn and slightly yellowed with years. And across the top of the page is printed: "Department for Placing Dependent Children." Then the letter begins:

Dear Mrs. Winfield:

I am pleased to have such good reports of the little one and to know she is improving and fitting into your home so nicely. . . .

Regarding the adoption papers, the Board requires that a child be in a home for some time before adoption. Just be patient. Meantime, I think you need have no fear of losing her, as I am sure your home is a very satisfactory one.

Very truly yours,
FLORENCE A. GRANNIS,
Commissioner.

Those formal words hardly describe what has happened to me. I am that "little one." I am that baby of whom you have read. I am that baby, mothers of adopted babies, about whom you have wondered:

Will she turn out right? Could I possibly love her as much as my own?

My life can answer those questions.

We are different, I said. That difference is in the very core of our hearts. Flesh-and-blood children take a home and parents for granted. Not we. Often in quiet hours, or in the middle of gay groups, we take out, as a secret coin to be cherished, these wonderful truths: We have a mother and a father. We have a home that is really our own. It's wonderful to be adopted.

I didn't know it until I was ten. That afternoon three of us were playing after school in our back yard —Evelyn, Agnes, and I. Suddenly we were in the midst of a regular kid spat. I said, "I'm not going to play any more. I'm going in the house with my mother." I'll never forget the scornful look on Agnes' face when she said, "You haven't any mother. You're adopted."

I couldn't take it in. But Evelyn's stricken face and the frightened look on Agnes' were enough. I ran upstairs, shut the door, and threw myself on the bed. I couldn't stop crying. Mother thought it was some childish upset and let me alone.

For weeks, telling no one, I was the loneliest, most outcast child in the world. Then one day when mother corrected me, the dam broke.

"You don't love me," I cried fiercely, "because I'm not your real child!"

The hot anger I felt was something that did not belong in the frame of a ten-year-old. Then, child as I was, something in my mother's face stopped me. Her mouth was twisting and she was trying not to cry.

Solemn-eyed, I heard the story of two baby sons whom God had given and taken away. Would I go on as the little daughter she and father had chosen from all the world to take their little boys' place?

Yes, mother should have told me earlier. Almost everybody agrees now that adopted babies should be proudly told that they are *chosen children* as soon as their little minds can grasp the words. Mother had meant to tell me. It was her love that wanted to spare me.

Don't think we live on a high emotional plane. We are just a normal happy family. I am the girl my father brags about. I am the girl my mother thinks about when she sees a pretty dress or a smooth hat or any of the gay things girls like. I can disagree with them and scrap with them. Because completely I belong.

Is adopting a child a risk? Of course, when they ask that, people mean will we turn out right? Can any mother who looks in her baby's face tell whether he will grow up to be President or just somebody on the relief rolls? It's such a guess predicting people's lives. It seems almost a crime to deprive some child of love and some home of a child on the basis of such phantom fears.

Can your foster parents love you as their own? Let me share with you another letter that I treasure most of all. It is a letter my mother wrote to me on my fifteenth birthday.

Dear Daughter:

Today is your birthday. Fifteen years old. Fourteen years, three months, and twenty-five days we have been together, daddy, you, and me.

Have those years brought to you the same joy and happiness as I have had through you?

When first your pale and tiny baby face I glimpsed, I loved you. All the days and years that have passed since have only served to make me love you more and hold you and your love dearer.

Today I am so proud of you, my dear. I thrill with joy at your sweetness and accomplishments. I suffer in like proportion at your sorrows and mistakes. But I shall never, never love you less, as every mother knows. . . .

I have tried to prepare you for life by teaching you to face with honesty and courage facts as we find them, and to live true to yourself.

If I have failed you in any way, dear daughter, please come to me. I need help and guidance in so many things, dear child. But especially I ask for wisdom in my care of you, and that in my great love for you I'll always do my best.

May you have many, many happy birthdays, darling, is the wish of

Your adopted mother,
LOUISA WINFIELD.

How does it feel to be an adopted daughter? My world and all it holds for good or ill is linked with mother and father in bonds of love, loyalty, and family ties. And, like Ruth of Moab, my heart cries: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

THE END

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A Correspondence Institution

For DISCOMFORTS of Colds
MENTHOLATUM Quickly Relieves STUFFINESS, SNIFFLING, SNEEZING
MENTHOLATUM

40 Answers by Mark O'Dea to his questions on page 21

1—Yes, in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

2—Lady Pepperell.

3—The Sears Roebuck Catalogue. Some 7,000,000 copies of the "big book" land on the nation's doorsteps *twice* a year.

4—(*a*) Vegetable parchment; (*b*) seasickness remedy; (*c*) nail enamel; (*d*) aluminum utensils; (*e*) crystal and glassware; (*f*) disinfectant; (*g*) fertilizer; (*h*) hats; (*i*) laundry soap; (*j*) milk amplifier.

5—Du Pont.

6—Morton's salt.

7—EAT—the popular restaurant sign.

8—The widely advertised Borden cow. Now 10,000 electric lamps let her cavort as a Broadway star on a Times Square sign in New York City. Elsie's photo is shown on page 21.

9—False. It originated in France more than a century ago.

10—Returned goods—30 per cent "wrong size" asked for by customers. Waste computed at $1,000,000 daily.

11—Liberty.

12—True. Many do not realize the extent of this market.

13—True. No flag-waving advertisers.

14—(*a*) Great Northern Railway; (*b*) Victor; (*c*) Kools; (*d*) Eagle Condensed Milk; (*e*) Bull Durham; (*f*) 20 Mule Team Borax; (*g*) M-G-M or Lion Condensed Milk; (*h*) Old Crow Whiskey; (*i*) Dates; (*j*) Buses.

15—Duryea.

16—On the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

17—Tuxedo and Prince Albert.

18—(*a*) Chenery, Collier's; (*b*) Luce, Life; (*c*) Blossom, American; (*d*) Stout, Saturday Evening Post; (*e*) Oursler, Liberty.

19—Formerly this type towel was exported to Turkey for use as turbans.

20—Their interest: Hair. (*a*) Lady Godiva; (*b*) Mary T. Goldman; (*d*) Ogilvie Sisters; (*f*) Seven Sutherland Sisters; (*g*) Mme. Berthe; (*h*) Mme. Pompadour.

21—True.

22—(*a*) Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association; (*b*) Schlitz beer; (*c*) Gold Medal flour; (*d*) Maxwell House coffee; (*e*) Paint.

23—(*b*) Mexico City.

24—President Harding in 1923.

25—Aaron Montgomery Ward.

26—Atlantic & Pacific.

27—A retail sales clerk whose wage is paid for by the manufacturer while she poses as a store employee and pushes her own line, chiefly in cosmetics.

28—(*a*) Bon Ami; (*b*) Chesterfields; (*c*) Ipana tooth paste; (*d*) Absorbine, Jr.; (*e*) Frigidaire; (*f*) Mum.

29—Twenty-eight years, then renewable for twenty-eight years.

30—(*a*) English? (*b*) They laughed; (*c*) but never a bride.

31—Life, Liberty, Time.

32—Gordon Selfridge, formerly of Marshall Field & Co.

33—Ivory.

34—Big Ben.

35—Milk.

36—Plymouth's.

37—(*a*) Hepatica; (*b*) Fe; (*c*) Thymoline; (*d*) Strike; (*e*) Ami; (*f*) Seltzer.

38—(*a*) California; (*b*) Hawaii; (*c*) Death Valley; (*d*) New England coast; (*e*) Cape Cod; (*f*) California.

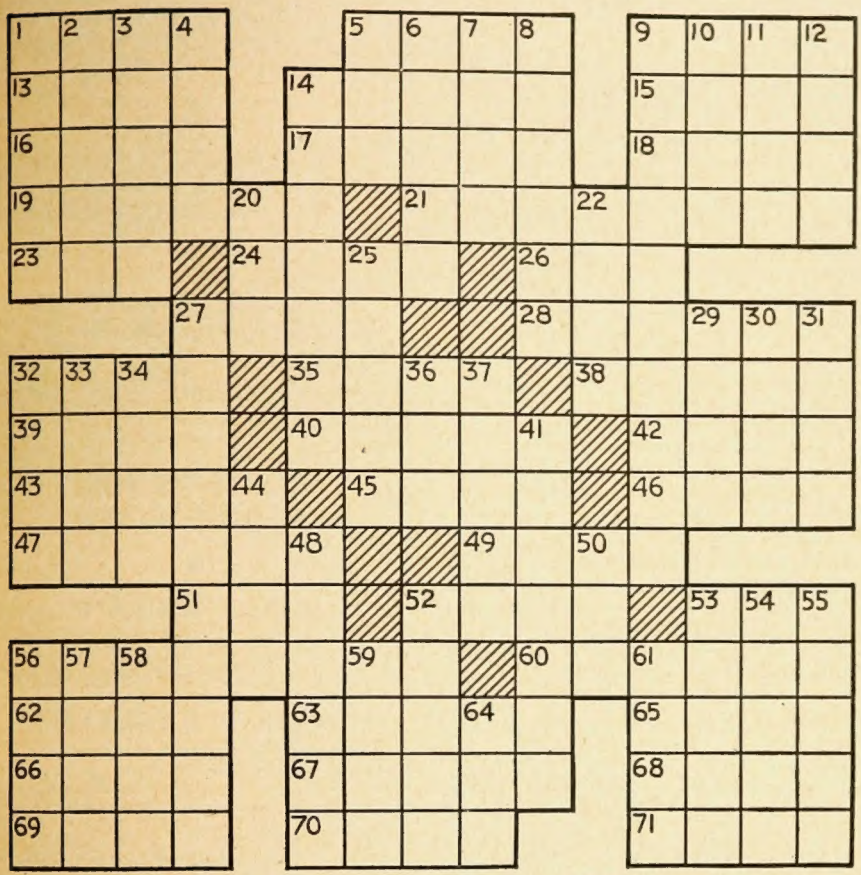
39—True. Printers' Ink, however, maintains a "slogan" clearinghouse for the convenience of readers and has registered 7,600.

40—Sinclair Lewis.

"Next car, please!"

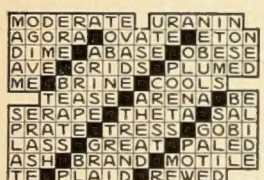
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A little squirt
5 Cranial vestments adapted for low ceilings
9 Even this is leaning away from the Duce
13 There's nothing to this
14 Corny
15 Wishful Indians
16 Useless thing about a bald head
17 Yelling and screaming that pleases some people
18 The self you enjoy most
19 Whenever Hitler thinks of this he gets a sinking sensation
21 Board of Kibitzers
23 Liberian Yodelers Association (abbr.)
24 Tremendous things the Greeks have overcome
26 Ear Vitamin Inhalers (abbr.)
27 Something you don't get in false teeth
28 Feminine football
32 If one keeps a gal's lips covered on winter nights they won't do this
35 Haybag hash (pl.)
38 Fried (but not stewed)
39 File the nerve ends with a rusty hinge
40 If you monkey around with this, you may not have an old age
42 Lizzie's leaping lady friend
43 The Ram that looks down on the Fordham Ram
45 Dobbin's gearshift
46 It's manufactured backward and very cheesy
47 Hit by the pitcher on the weak end
49 What the artist drew on the charging Zulu maid
51 Decayed Antique Republicans (abbr.)
52 Catty way to call a waiter
53 Baby pacifier
56 Part of Canada
60 Frisk
62 He hatches yarns for your Liberty and mine
63 I always draw one whose puss makes me sick
65 Organized hocus-pocus
66 For years they have placed women on pedestals
67 'S worms, Assamized worms, folksies
68 Whistle wetters
69 Big saps in wooden overcoats
70 I started to install this system, but couldn't make it fit
71 An old-timer who died by trying to take Persia



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 The only thing with more stops than a night letter
2 Big-league material
3 The crying need of the children's world
4 This place is expecting a visitor from Germany any day now
5 Thanks to our maid, this gets all the breaks
6 About all that Germany has conquered (pl.)
7 Rangy pal
8 Free Citizens of the New Nazi World
9 You'll find him squeezing and playing around with dumbbells in gymnasiums (two words, one abbr.)
10 This is five-sevenths of a million
11 What I wear to bed to ride nightmares
12 What a home on the range is
14 Parkway pig
20 A short physician
22 Destination of myself on encountering gentleman with seven wives
25 Scrambles, carves, and slings the papes
27 In the man of the future they will come with zippers for easy removal
29 'Tis better to have sinned and this than never to have sinned at all
30 If this shot off its mouth, it'd burn up Il Duce
31 Overemphasized result of hire education
32 Sourpuss
33 Fur-coated speedball
34 Excessive swallow of hon. same have caused excessive Japanese indigestion
36 Pat the dog on the ground
37 Cold cuts
41 First outfits ever worn by a football team
44 Indoor parking space
48 Monotonous buzzers
50 Harnessed the hash
52 City of Stolen Pleasures (German)
53 This can be squeezed in a small apartment
54 Stepped in and out of character in a hammy sort of way
55 Things at hand
56 Interoffice paper football (abbr.)
57 Tenor tootle
58 Cutout for big and little shavers
59 Hole up for long, long time
61 What Saroyan's name is, according to his last book
64 Pressed the mahogany

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Old Line Legal Reserve LIFE INSURANCE

ONLY 89¢ PER MONTH (at age 21)* per $1000.00 of Insurance

PROTECT YOUR LOVED ONES

CHECK THESE LOW RATES AT YOUR AGE

(TABLE SHOWS RATE PER $1000.00 OF INSURANCE)

Age		Age		Age		Age	
21	$ .89	30	$1.13	39	$1.50	48	$2.14
22	.91	31	1.16	40	1.56	49	2.24
23	.94	32	1.19	41	1.61	50	2.35
24	.96	33	1.23	42	1.68	51	2.46
25	.98	34	1.27	43	1.74	52	2.58
26	1.01	35	1.31	44	1.81	53	2.71
27	1.04	36	1.35	45	1.89	54	2.85
28	1.06	37	1.40	46	1.97	55	3.00
29	1.09	38	1.45	47	2.05		

(*Rates shown are one-half permanent rates beginning fifth year)

Owing to low rates at which this policy is offered, $1500. is the minimum amount issued. **Postal's "Modified 4" Policy is a Whole life contract with premiums so modified that you pay only HALF the permanent rate for the first four years.** The Policy has Cash, Loan, Paid-up and Extended Insurance values.

All Postal Policies Are Participating — that is, they share in the Company's earnings, and dividends are paid as earned and declared. For illustration: a DIVIDEND of 9½% of the Annual Premium has been declared on policies issued during 1940 at rates shown, payable on anniversary of policies in 1941. **POSTAL LIFE (511-5th AVE., N. Y.) HAS PAID OUT OVER $52,000,000.00** to policy holders and beneficiaries during 35 years.

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511 Fifth Ave., Dept.M-56, New York, N.Y.

Mail me complete information about your new low cost Modified "4" Whole Life Policy at my age.

Date of Birth.....

Occupation.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Yes!

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—the *medicinal* way—Glover's Mange Medicine and massage. Also helps check excessive Falling Hair, relieve Itching Scalp. Results will delight you! Ask your Barber—he KNOWS! Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap.

FREE Booklet—write Glover's, Dept. C, 460 4th Ave. New York

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

LIBERTY REPORTER CAPTURES 1,000 ITALIANS

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

YES, Robert Low, Liberty's war correspondent, is in Africa with the British forces, and when they got to Tobruk he just couldn't stand it any longer; he forgot that he was there only to record what he saw for the benefit of the millions of Liberty readers; he got into action himself, and the result was an overwhelming capture of war prisoners from the retreating Fascist army. We have always been mighty proud of Sergeant York and his exploit of capturing 132 prisoners. But Low makes a new high—one thousand prisoners, all his very own. You will enjoy his account of this one-man battle in our next issue—an issue which will contain in addition many other stories and features, including The Duke of Windsor Talks of War and Peace, by the present writer; The Open Road No Longer, by Achmed Abdullah; Miss Fleming Works Overtime, by Crosby George; Is Bootleg a Bigger Business than Ever? by Theodore Irwin and Alfred Sinks; The Craziest Monkey Ideas, by Cornelius DeL. Vezin; a sports article by Jack Dempsey; and The Business of Killing Cock Robin, a piece about the stage and its mystery plays by George Jean Nathan; more of the Dodd diary and full installments of the serials and all your favorite departments. Pretty promising, hey?

SALMAGUNDI:

The talk goes on:

I was reading your page last night containing the remarks on the use of the word "salmagundi." This morning I was looking through an issue of the National Geographic Magazine of December, 1929, and came across an advertisement of Whitman's Candy. The enclosed clipping I thought would interest you. It explains "salmagundi" as "a medley of good things." Quite appropriate, don't you think so?

Sincerely,
MRS. JOHN H. MAISCH.
2229 Wheeler St.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELL, IT WORKED!

Do you remember the farm woman who wanted a boy—but could not adopt one because the foundling societies sought only well-to-do homes for their protégés? Ah, yes, many of you wrote in, trying to help that lonely farm woman and her husband. Here is news from them:

It was last March that you published on your page my letter concerning our ups and downs in trying to adopt a child. In not writing you, I have not meant to show unappreciation, but I have hesitated, awaiting something definite to say. It all seems fairly definite now, and with holidays here and our home so bright and gay and alive, I want to write you and tell you how happy we are.

As a result of my letter in Liberty we have taken two small boys, ages four and two years. One bears my husband's name. They are all that any mother and father could hope for. They love one another, and us, and their new home; and they are very happy. Needless to say we, too, are very happy.

We are still struggling to get that start in life, however, which the orphanages in our state deem necessary before we could make a child happy. I suppose the boys *are* seeing how hard dollars come. When they wanted a little wagon last summer, we loaned them the money on condition that they haul surplus tomatoes to the pigs until enough had been saved in pig feed to replace the cash wagon outlay in the family treasury. For other tasks they received small sums, half of which they spent for treats and half of which went into the "dog fund"—to be used in purchase of a rat terrier puppy.

The older child is learning to read music. As soon as he has a good foundation built, he will raise a calf for the purchase of an E-flat clarinet. This same lad is talking now of raising Sugar Pie pumpkins for the stores next summer (and if he is lucky, his best one will win him seventy-five cents at the county fair). Right now, however, his problem is earning a dime for the seed before spring. Yes, as the orphans' home feared, a child in our home has a constant struggle with finances!

The nature of our living is "back to the farm." The four-year-old, though a city boy, soon caught the spirit of this and asked if we weren't going to eat the cow that died.

These little boys, though struggling with finances far more than the orphans' home feels best, will be rich, we think, some day in financial experience and very wealthy in memories—memories of the birds, the bees, the bugs and beetles, the toads carefully housed in a small boy's pocket, also the rusty bolts and crooked nails that were left in those same pockets and almost ruined the washing-machine wringer. Then there'll be the green timber that once stood in the corner of the northeast forty; there's the pond at the mailbox that was always handy while waiting for the mail; there will be a long succession of steer calves, some good, some bad, all sold to buy a treasured possession. . . . Yes, Mr. Oursler, we feel that these boys will step out into life—well, sort of well prepared.

And it will all date back to my letter which you chose to publish in Liberty. "Thank you" is a weak term in this connection, so I won't say it. Anything I might say in words would be weak. So I'll end by saying just Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,
JO RAY CLARK.

P.S. One of the most Liberty things about this affair is that one of these children stepped out of a Catholic home into a Protestant Masonic one—a country where people of differing faiths can live and love and work together.

J. R. C.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY ARTHUR CROUCH

One whiskey that should go down in history....

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

WE KNEW, LONG AGO, that the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be a whiskey of extraordinary excellence.

We knew—because of the exceptional care with which we distilled the special whiskies for today's Four Roses, five years ago and longer. We knew—because of the added knowledge and skill with which we slowly brought them to maturity.

But no one—not even we ourselves—could have foreseen their present magnificence. Of all the fine whiskies we've made or known—in our 76 years' experience—none ever possessed such marked qualities of greatness.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, a new and thrilling experience awaits you in the 1941 Bottling. New and thrilling because never before have you tasted such soft and glorious flavor.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

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... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

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